



MY GOOD POEMS



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My Good Poems

✓ BY
A. FAIRHURST

AUTHOR OF

"Organic Evolution Considered," Etc.

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DEDICATION.

TO MY BELOVED COMPANION, WHO HAS LIVED
WITH ME DURING MANY YEARS AND MANAGED
ME WITH A GOOD DEGREE OF SUCCESS; TO
THE BEAUTIFUL AND HEROIC WOMEN OF KEN-
TUCKY, WHO ARE FAMOUS IN EVERY LAND; TO
THE GOOD AND NOBLE WOMEN EVERYWHERE,
OF THE PRESENT AND OF ALL FUTURE AGES—
ESPECIALLY OF THE YOUNGER AGES; AND
TO THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY, AND OF TRUTH,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



PREFACE NO. I.

IN THE summer of the year 1898, two martins built their nest and reared their young on top of the metallic covering of an incandescent lamp which hung in front of my house over the middle of the street.

With much interest I watched the birds from day to day, and I wondered that the nest was not destroyed by the hard rains and strong winds which frequently occurred. At last, after many narrow escapes, the birds were full-fledged and strong enough to make their flight.

While I sat on my veranda late one afternoon, the mother-bird, together with other martins, which seemed to have come for the special purpose, held a noisy council on the wires near the nest. While engaged in this the mother-bird approached the dome on which was standing a young martin which had not yet used its wings in flight. With a sudden thrust of her body the mother forced the young bird over the edge of the dome, and as it started to fall it seized some straws which hung over from the nest, from which it hung suspended for a few moments, after which it lost its grasp and began to fall. At this critical moment all of the martins which were sitting on the wires dashed suddenly downward past the falling bird, with wild cries, in order to encourage it to use its wings in flight. In a moment more they all rapidly ascended, wheeling round and round and going higher and higher in larger circles, twittering with delight as they ascended.

The witnessing of these incidents so impressed me that I was led to write the first poem in this volume, entitled "The Martins." Previous to that time I had

had no desire whatever to write verses. The forcing of the young bird off of the dome, its attempt to prevent its fall by seizing the hanging straws with its feet, its failure and fall and subsequent flight,—to these incidents especially may be attributed the origin of the present volume.

The second poem written, entitled "The Robin," grew out of the song of a robin near my window on a stormy morning, at dawn, in the preceding April.

PREFACE NO. II.

THIS preface is written to inform you that I am already an author of world-wide reputation. It has frequently been said that no author's poems, however good, can be pushed into the market successfully unless the author has at least a national reputation. I agree that this is right. The dear, sweet public must be protected at all hazards by the publishers, from incompetent rhymsters, and, even if an author has merit, it is well for all concerned to keep him on the anxious seat for a reasonable length of time.

To speak the truth briefly and modestly—truth is always modest—I inform you that my "Drab Book," published two years ago under the title of "Organic Evolution Considered," is known all over the world. I know this to be true from the numerous reports of my agents who have traveled everywhere.

It has taken father Adam's fame six thousand years, Homer's nearly three thousand, the fame of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle more than two thousand years to reach us, but the fame of the author of my "Drab Book" and "My Good Poems" has flashed all over the world in a single year. This is indeed most marvelous.

More than a year ago my leading agent among the Hottentots, that great Philosophic Nation of South Africa, reported to me that all the people of that great nation had adopted by a universal vote, in which they had a fair count, my "Drab Book" as an antidote against witchcraft and all other evils prevalent in that region.

The common method of using the book in that country is to support it in the split end of a stick which has

been driven into the ground for that purpose near the front door of each family mansion. With this preventive all the inhabitants sleep soundly and without fear, only a few watchmen being needed for patrol and to arouse the inhabitants at the proper time to resume their daily and honorable occupations.

The Wild Man of Borneo, who is my agent plenipotentiary in Borneo, reports that last summer while he was reading my "Drab Book" to an immense audience of the most intelligent natives, who had assembled for the sole purpose of hearing the book read, suddenly the entire audience passed peacefully into a comatose condition before he had finished reading the first page. He rightly attributes this incident to the fact that their minds were suddenly exhausted by the gigantic thoughts with which they were called on to wrestle. It has been suggested by an enemy of mine that this large audience had fallen asleep, but I have been convinced by my agent that their unconsciousness was much more profound than that which exists in the deepest slumber, for it lasted two whole days and nights, during which time it was impossible to arouse any member of the audience. It was, therefore, a case of true and honorable coma.

The Wild Man of Borneo further reports that the King of Borneo, King Dang-Bang-Weo-Hang, who is an elegant and noble specimen of the untutored and uncontaminated man of nature, made what seemed to him a singular but a wholly legitimate use of my "Drab Book." My agent had presented to the noble King, *i. e.*, to King Dang-Bang-Weo-Hang, a copy of my "Drab Book" bound in elegant rhinoceros rawhide.

On the occasion at hand the King, His Royal Highness, King Dang-Bang-Weo-Hang, had partaken of a superfluous quantity of raw crocodile beefsteak at an evening feast, in consequence of which he suffered acute pains in and about his gastric region. My agent found

him in this condition late at night, lying on the front porch of his principal palace, while his chief medicine man was severely flagellating him, *i. e.*, His Royal Highness, King Dang-Bang-Weo-Hang, with the aforesaid copy of my "Drab Book," applying the volume liberally, alternately, successively and successfully to the gastric, epigastric, hypogastric, antegastric, postgastric, digastric and polygastric regions of His Majesty's corpus.

A few minutes' application of this royal remedy placed the monarch on his feet and at ease and ready for the transaction of business.

This noble monarch, His Royal Highness, Dang-Bang-Weo-Hang, has written to me with his own hand and sealed the letter with his royal seal, asking me to send to his kingdom at the earliest practicable moment, a large ship-load of my "Drab Books," all bound in rawhide rhinoceros binding, to be used as aforesaid in the case of His Royal Highness.

I could easily relate enough such incidents to fill a large volume, with regard to the fame of my "Drab Book" in all parts of the world, but this is unnecessary. since my only object in writing this preface is to inform you that I am already an author of world-wide reputation and fame.

This being true, you will be perfectly safe in reading the present volume and in expressing your unqualified admiration for its contents without fear of molestation from obnoxious critics. In approving this volume the excellence of your taste and the soundness of your literary judgment will never be called in question. You may, therefore, read the volume in peace and enjoy it to the utmost of your capacity.

Nor need you hie away into some dark corner in order to read it, but you may sit up boldly in the glaring sunlight at your front window, and there drink in the beauties and sublimities of this volume without subjecting

yourself to criticism or feeling under any obligation to apologize to the public.

Just read it and enjoy it on your own responsibility, knowing that all the other inhabitants of the world whose opinions are of any value to you will soon be engaged in the same occupation, and that they will be in perfect accord with all that you feel and think.

PREFACE NO. III.

IT MAY seem to some members of the dear, sweet public, that the author of "My Good Poems" is somewhat vain and entirely too self-conscious in applying the word "Good" to his poems.

Not so. I have used the mildest term possible to convey any part of the truth. If I had called the volume "Better" or "Best Poems," this would have been to institute the odious comparison. If I had called the volume simply "Poems," this would have been to acknowledge that they were destitute of good qualities. I compliment my unnecessary modesty therefore by the use of "Good."

I talk to you plainly. I hold nothing back. I wish to take the dear, sweet public into my confidence and to let you know what is for your own best interest. If authors would always be frank and truthful with you it would prevent many heart-burnings and save a deal of trouble to all concerned.

I know better than anyone else what I have written — and its ——— value.

Go in peace.

Farewell:

A. FAIRHURST.

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 4, 1899.

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MY GOOD POEMS.

THE MARTINS.

TWO MARTINS, late from southern skies,
Sought where to build, and rear their young.
They circled round and counseled much,
And many a melody they sung,

Until at last, with one accord,
They built their nest high in mid air,
Upon the dome o'er the electric light,
And there they watched with constant care.

The mother brooded o'er the eggs,
And with her bosom kept them warm,
And when the young at last appeared,
She shielded them from summer's storm.

She circled widely o'er the land
And gathered food that they might grow;
From early morn till close of day
On busy wing she e'er did go.

At last they've grown to bird's estate,
Their plumage is all new and bright,
Their voices echo through the air,
Their wings are fledged for speedy flight.

Their world has been a twelve-inch dome,
They have not seen the great beyond,
They know not why their spirits yearn
For that which they have not yet found.

They know not yet their power of flight,
They know not yet what beauteous sight
Shall greet their eyes when they shall soar
High in the shining vault of light.

To dwell upon that dome is death,
For food will fail, and winter kill.
The mother-bird and neighbors wise
Hold council and decide with skill

That full-grown birds must take their flight;
The mother, with beseeching heart,
Draws near the young, and, with her wing,
Essays to give the needed start.

With gentle thrust she forces off
The full-fledged nestling from its dome,
And, as it fell, it grasped the straws
That issued from its narrow home.

A moment in suspense it held,
And tried to gain its little world;
But soon the feeble straws gave way
And downward it was swiftly hurled.

The mother and attendant birds,
Who watched upon the neighboring wire,
With song of cheer and lightning wings
Dashed wildly downward through the air;

Which, when the nestling saw and heard,
Its fainting heart inspired with hope,
Its unused wings, flung open wide,
Began the downward power to cope.

With flashing wings it cleft the air,
In chorus loud it joined the choir;
In circles wide they mounted higher,
Their hearts all filled with holy fire.

In widening sweeps they upward rise
Into the clean cerulean sky;
And, as they go, they pour their song
From out the happy world on high.

I watched the birds with straining eyes,
I listened with beseeching ears;
But ears grew dull and failed to hear,
And eyes grew dim and full of tears.

The birds have flown to a fairer clime,
Their wings have borne them far away
From their narrow home to a wider world,
Through the evening dim to the light of day.

Their song still rings within my heart,
Their faith and hope fresh courage give;
Their strength of wing to rise and fly
Tells of a larger world on high.

Who taught the martin how to fly?
Who guides her in her homeward flight?
Who tells her how to build her nest?
Who shields her through the stormy night?

'Tis He who hears the raven's cry,
'Tis He who sees the sparrow's fall;
He watches all by night and day,
He hears the weak and feeble call.

When the eve'ning shades are longer grown,
When the sun hangs low in the circled dome,
When we sit intent at the end of day,
And question about another home,
While still wrapped up in our clod of clay,
Striving to know the higher birth,
The Lord will come at even-tide,
And gently push us from this earth.

Like the trembling bird, we may fear to go,
But the Lord in mercy will hear our cry;
His power will bear us on wings of faith,
Forever upward to worlds on high.

And when we reach the infinite height,
And when we see, with undimmed sight,
The untold glories that meet us there,
In the happy world that knows no night,

The growing wonder will ever be,
That we clung to the earth so narrow and dim,
That our faith was ever so little and weak,
That we did not joyfully trust in Him.

WHO PAINTS THE FLOWERS?

I HAVE often inquired,
To find out if I could,
Who paints the sweet flowers
That bloom in the wood.

One evening in May,
In the dim twilight,
I sat in the wood
To await the dark night.

The sun had gone down,
Black darkness came on,
I sat all alone
Wrapped up in the gloom.

The stillness of death
Was reigning supreme,
I listened in silence
As if in a dream.

I stared with my eyes
Out into the dark,
When down near my feet
I saw a bright spark.

I listened intently
And heard a sweet sound
Which seemed to come up
From out of the ground.

And then of a sudden
The ground seemed ablaze

With sparks of brightness
That caused me amaze.

From out of the sparks
Came a chorus of song
Ringing out sweetly
As the sparks moved along.

Ten thousand bright flowers
Were springing from earth;
The spirit of spring
Was giving them birth.

The sparks in great haste
Sought the hearts of the flowers,
And there they close nestled
As if in choice bowers.

I drew on my glasses,
Determined to see
What the sparks and the singing
Might happen to be.

When, lo and behold!
I saw the sweet choirs,
The angels of light,
Were painting the flowers.

The sparks were the lamps
Which the angels did swing,
And the sounds were the songs
Which the angels did sing.

Each angel of light
Sat in a sweet flower,

And swiftly he painted
With all of his power.

With a wisp of his hair
Which he used for a brush,
Dipped in his bright paint
He first gave it a flush.

And then with paint blue,
Made up of blue sky,
Mixed up with the dew,
He dashed on the blue.

When, with angelic skill—
The painting complete—
He blew in his breath
To make it smell sweet.

They sang and painted
With infinite skill;
They painted and sang
With a hearty good will.

The crocus they painted
With gold and dew;
The spring-beauty they streaked
With a roseate hue,

Which they had brought down
From the clouds at even,
When the angels above
Had painted the heavens.

To the rose-bush they flocked,
Singing loud as they went,

And to each pink rose
Their greatest skill lent.

And when it was garnished—
All flowers to defeat—
All the angels breathed in it
To make it most sweet.

Yes, I watched the angels
Painting the flowers.
I watched them gladly
Through all of night's hours.

They ceased not their song,
They ceased not their work,
Till day-light had well-nigh
Banished the dark.

And now I have told you
What angels can do;
How to each sweet flower
They give its bright hue.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

THOU weak and nimble spotted fawn,
Rest thou in peace upon this lawn;
Thou art most graceful in thy form,
Thou lendest to this world a charm.

Thy limbs are molded for fast flight,
For thou art in the world's great fight;

Although thy life is free from harm,
Thou must bound quickly at alarm.

The wolves are now upon thy track,
Full swift they fly in baying pack,
Their hungry mouths are seeking thee,
Thy only hope is fast to flee.

Now lend thy limbs thy might and main,
God speed thee swiftly o'er the plain,
Lest soon their cruel fang and claw,
Shall rend thy flesh as food for maw.

I see thee bound in wild dismay;
The yelping pack doth louder bay.
I hear thy loud and tender call,
And then kind death swift endeth all.

You ask me why both wolf and fawn?
Why not just fawn to graze on lawn?
Hath savage wolf the right to live?
How standeth he beside God's love?

Doth nature with her tooth and claw
Serve only to feed death's great maw?
If helpless innocence go down,
Is it because of God's own frown?

Without the battle all were dead,
For by the battle mouths are fed,
The plant is battling with the dead—
The earth and air by which it's fed.

The grass, by sunshine overhead,
Lifts dead to life by which we're fed.

The grass by fawn is laid full low,
Whilst other grass doth ever grow.

The wolf doth chase the fawn in flight,
And overtakes her by his might;
Man swaying sceptre over all
Doth conquer fawn and wolf and all

God ruling well his own estate,
Subdues alike the small and great.
Thus from the dead to life we rise
To God who ruleth in the skies.

You ask what mean the claw and fang?
Why come the agony and pang?
Is God who ruleth only might?
And is it true that might makes right?

Behind the veil there is no wail,
And God's great love doth never fail.
We bow, O God, in holy fear,
Yet wonder why we shed the tear.

We listen while our hearts stand still,
We listen while our blood runs chill,
And then with doubly bated breath
We listen even unto death,

To hear a voice from out the dark,
And then we look to see a spark
That leads along life's winding way
Into the light of one great day.

I know we stand on holy ground,
And though our ears may catch no sound,

And though our eyes may fail to see,
Yet sure it is God's wise decree.

Bow low thy heart in humble trust,
And thou shalt know that God is just.
The veil that on thy heart abides
Is that which thee from God e'er hides.

Lift up thy veil, let God shine in,
It is the thick black veil of sin,
And then thou canst more clearly see
That all things are as they should be.

But why the agony and pain
That rise from all as they are slain?
In truth there is but little pain
That's known by beasts when they are slain.

To them there is no fear of death,
They know no life beyond their breath.
The fawn while living eats its food,
And this is all it knows of good.

The weaker fawns the sooner fall,
When the fierce wolf is pressing all.
The better fawns will e'er survive,
As God doth ever onward drive.

God doth e'er seek a better fawn
To graze upon his grassy lawn.
From good to better they do rise,
Till only best at last survive.

The wolves, less fleet, e'er lack for meat,
And so they cease to use their feet,

And thus it happens by this plan
That they yet live who far outran.

Might makes not right, but might doth make
E'er fleeter wolves which can o'ertake,
And fleeter fawns which e'er do graze
On God's green pastures many days.

But why not banish fangs and teeth,
By which the fawns are brought to grief?
If fawns alone, they'd multiply,
So most of them would surely die.

The grass would fail, soil could not give
Sufficient food for all to live.
For food they would each other fight,
The strong would conquer by their might.

The strong the weak do e'er assail,
And by their might the strong prevail.
The strong e'er stronger do become,
The fleet e'er fleeter, as they run.

God pushes all to utmost speed,
He strengthens all by greatest deed,
All enter on life's feverish race,
The weak do soonest lose their place.

If strong go down and weak survive,
Right soon each kind will cease to live.
Those that would tread the upward road
Must ever feel the urging goad.

This much I've said of wolf and deer,
And of all beasts—they have no fear,

They have no conscience and no dread
Of things that follow when they're dead.

The power to suffer doth increase
Where soul and conscience have a place.
The grass feels not our heavy tread,
The sponge scarce feels more than if dead.

The oyster's numb, the worm is dull,
And thus with all that have no skull;
Thus, rising on through bird and wolf,
We then reach man by leaping gulf.

On earth his sufferings are supreme,
From things that are and things that seem;
His hopes and fears bring joy and tears,
His conscience adds to joys and fears.

The greatness of man's heart and soul
Forever press towards some large goal;
The higher flight, the greater fall,
Death comes to him as darkest pall.

As wolf and fawn, man's in the strife;
He presseth hard to hold his life;
With mind and heart and cunning skill
He driveth all before his will.

The battle rageth loud and long;
The weak go down before the strong;
What great, good purpose could it serve
If from this rule God should e'er swerve?

Might maketh never right at all,
But in the race the weak first fall;

Thus God e'er buildeth larger men
Of greater soul and sharper ken.

By goad of poverty and fear
Man presseth on as flying deer;
By faith and hope he flieth fast,
That he may reach the goal at last.

Drawn by the cords of boundless love,
He hasteth towards his home above;
By faith and hope and love and fear,
Man ever counteth life most dear.

Unless there's pain there is no pleasure,
For both possess one common measure;
That soul that can the most rejoice,
Can also bear the heaviest cross.

O man, to thee's a higher law;
Thou shalt not tear like beast with claw,
If, in life's ever urgent race,
The weakest soonest lose their place,

When low thy brother lies in need,
Dismount and put him on thy steed;
Thus, blessing him, thou shalt be blest,
For this great law is God's own best.

God's blessings are enough for all;
He showers them for the great and small;
If greater loaves to thee do fall,
Deny not crumbs at beggar's call.

We all are beggar's at God's door,
And all of us are sadly poor;

So, when God's blessings fall in showers,
Don't crush the weak with tyrant powers.

God seeketh e'er in thee to find
A purer heart, a stronger mind;
If thou wilt eat of Heaven's food,
Its strength shall be for thy soul's good.

When in the end thy body's dust
Thy soul shall stand among the just,
Drawn e'er by God's redeeming love
Thy feet shall stand in heaven above.

No atom can e'er cease to be,
Unless by God's own wise decree.
If one could cease without his will,
Then all creation could stand still.

The lightnings flash, but still they live,
And to the earth their powers they give.
The heat that in this great world lies
Is flashed again into the skies.

The trees that grow from out the earth,
Thus give the dead a living birth.
The swallow that from egg doth rise,
Doth speak of mounting to the skies.

The grain of corn that rots and dies,
Sends up new life into the skies.
The river that in earth sinks down,
Goes flowing still beneath the ground.

So thus our life as flowing river,
In flowing shall flow on forever.

We move from out our tents of clay
Into the light of God's great day.

Of all that is naught can be lost,
The star that shines, the atom tossed,
The life that dwelleth in the corn,
The roseate hue of early morn,

The lightning's flash, the sun's warm rays,
Shall live through all the coming days.
The waters will forever flow,
The life within the corn will grow.

The soul that's in us never dies,
But unto heaven it will rise,
Or else what means life's great desire
That burneth as a holy fire?

With unquenched flame it feeds the soul,
While waters deep do o'er us roll.
It searcheth wide through heaven and earth,
Expectant of a higher birth.

As untaught infant cries for food,
So untaught soul cries up to God;
Each cry's a prayer that God doth hear,
Made sweeter by the sparkling tear.

God hears the infant's feeblest cry,
He heareth e'en the faintest sigh,
He heareth every unvoiced prayer,
For he is present every where.

It is the soul that speaks to God.
It speaketh not in earth-born word,

It speaks in words which God hath given,
Whose meanings are well-known in heaven.

No power can us from God divide,
No veil can us from him e'er hide,
No distance wide can intervene,
But by the eye of God we're seen,

But by the ear of God we're heard,
But by our cry his heart is stirred.
O God, by thy all-wise decree
All things are fast bound up in thee.

No prayer by soul that's fair and pure
But hath its answer stored somewhere.
For food and clothing—earthly meat,
The answer now is quite complete.

Ten thousand foods that meet our eyes,
Our appetites do e'er surprise;
Then if our souls would beauty seek,
From ev'ry corner it doth speak.

The earth doth shine with grass and flowers,
Bright birds are singing in the bowers,
The ocean yields from out its dells
Ten thousand tinted pearly shells.

The diamond flasheth back God's light,
The moon and stars e'er glow by night.
The wondrous, gorgeous clouds at even
Reflect the beauteous light of heaven.

To quench our thirst the clouds on wings
Supply the fountains of God's springs,

Their sparkling waters flow out cold
From up in mountains high and bold.

And then, there's music everywhere,
That flows in sweetly through the air;
The babbling brooks their voices lend,
The blowing winds their songs do send.

The feathered songsters in the wood
E'er sing their songs in happy mood,
With voices tuned for sweetest praise
They pour their sunshine through the days.

What mean these songs if God is deaf?
He singeth through the birds to self;
He singeth through man's hoping heart
The joys he'll find when he depart.

Man's voice is tuned in sweet accord
To sing the praises of the Lord;
His heart doth sing in holy praise,
And thus on earth he fills his days.

The pulse of ocean beateth time,
The earth by turning reeleth rhyme;
The stars themselves sing sweet above
While angels shout that God is love.

O, yes, there's music everywhere;
From throat of bird and distant star
The passing breezes ever bring
The songs that God's own songsters sing.

And then the morning breezes bring
Sweet fragrance which the flowers do fling

From out their happy hearts at morn,
Which from the angels' breath was born.

If for the nose, God scents the rose,
If for the eye, he paints the sky,
If for the ear, tunes voice of bird,
If for the taste, gives grain and herd,

If thus he answers each desire
That calleth to him as a prayer,
Will he not hear the soul's great cry
For peace and immortality?

'Tis true we cannot know all whys,
We may not know just why man dies;
Nor know the meaning of our cries,
We think they point to upper skies.

I know we walk beneath the veil,
I know to Thee we lift our wail.
Our flesh and blood can naught prevail,
But Thou dost dwell within the veil.

Thou who dost flash Thy light from star,
Canst catch our prayer that floats afar,
Thy angels stand at gates ajar
To greet the prayers that travel far.

Ope Thou the gates and let them in,
And make our souls pure white from sin,
That we may with our eyes behold
The God who doth all things uphold.

O God, our souls are bound to Thee,
From Thee we never can be free;

We float from time to eternity,
But thou dost hold it all in Thee.

Shall the dull clod on which we trod
Outlast the soul which praises God?
Shall God's own image, man's own soul,
Be blotted out from the great whole?

Else why should God through ages long
Tune heart and voice to praise with song?
And why create the inner eye
To look away beyond the sky?

The prayer itself is by God's will,
It speaks of promise to fulfill.
Each want's a prayer that crieth loud,
Its answer is stored up in God.

The soul hath surely come from God,
It ne'er hath risen from the clod,
The clod asks naught, nor can it feel,
Nor can it ever suffer ill.

Man's soul looks out from its small home,
And through the universe doth roam.
It catcheth light from distant star,
It hears the songs through gates ajar,

It doth all beauty here behold,
It doth God's goodness now unfold,
It marketh in God's works great plan,
Which through them flowed since time began.

Shall soul like this go out in night,
Be blotted out by God's own might,

And lost forever from his sight?
If this be so is might not right?

There is in Thy great sea of love,
Which floodeth earth and heaven above,
Sufficient of souls' food to give,
To satisfy all souls that live.

Heaven doth not beg that we should want,
It resteth with our God to grant.
The springs of God cannot run dry,
For they are up in heaven high,

Their waters flow forever bright,
They sparkle in the darkest night;
In flowing they do freely give
To him who would forever live.

Behold, there breaketh through the night
A star so great, and fair, and bright,
It floods the whole world with its light
And from man's soul dispels the night.

God's only Son descends to earth,
He speaks to man of second birth,
He telleth things of greatest worth
And lifteth man up from the earth.

He conquers death with his great might,
He floods the grave with holy light,
He telleth of the home above,
He speaketh most of God's great love.

O shining Sun of Righteousness,
Thou wilt the soul of man e'er bless.

Thou wilt redeem from cruel death,
We praise thee with our dying breath.

The sun that now sinks in the west,
Will rise to-morrow in the east.
The soul that sinks in life's great west,
Will rise again at place of rest.

We come at last, life's troubles o'er,
And sit upon the boundless shore,
Where we do hear the boatman's call,
Then quickly we abandon all.

We leave our bodies to the bier,
To be bedewed by love's sad tear,
And step in boat upon the shore,
And then we're swiftly ferried o'er.

THE VIRGINIA CREEPER.

THOU sweet Virginia Creeper,
Climbing nimbly o'er the wall,
No one hears thy noiseless footsteps
As of angels soft they fall.

Thou dost climb with nimble fingers,
Pressing close against the wall,
Seeking ev'ry nook and cranny,
Where thy fingers gently fall.

Thou dost flatten out thy fingers,
Thou dost deftly press thy toes
'Gainst the stones that sit beneath them,
As o'er all thy beauty grows.

Creeping out in all directions,
Spreading widely o'er the wall,
Thou art ever closely clinging,
Thou dost never fear a fall.

Thou art humble in endeavor,
Thou art trusting in thy place,
Clinging ever to the stronger,
Which supports thee in thy place.

Yet in weakness thou dost shelter,
With thy mantle widely spread,
The strong wall to which thou clingest,
From the scorching rays o'erhead.

When the frosts of autumn kiss thee,
Causing first a gentle flush,
Then, with other kisses added,
Bringing out thy crimson blush,

Then thou smilest in thy beauty,
Then we know thy gentle power,
Which comes pulling at our heart-strings,
Till on thee our blessings shower.

From the humble, clinging creeper
Learn this lesson as to duty;
If thy lot in life is humble,
With thy mantle spread in beauty,

Shelter him to whom thou clingest,
Unto thee he stands a wall,
For thy shelter will be gracious,
And thy beauty shall not fall.

A SUNDAY MORNING IN MAY.

ON a bright Sunday morn,
In the middle of May,
I sat in the grove
While the birds sang away.

The Cat-bird stood up
At the head of the choir,
He ran through the scale
And sang a sweet air.

He showed very plainly,
By his clear ringing lay,
That he meant to give tone
To the songs of the day.

And then Robin-red-breast,
With voice tuned for the choir,
Trilled loudly and gladly
In tones that were higher.

Out sang the plain Robin
In measure and form,
And in volume so great
As if waking the morn.

Then from his low perch,
Farther back in the wood,
Piped in the gay Red-bird
As loud as he could.

His whistle was clear,
His voice was full strong,
And it harmonized well
With the plain Robin's song.

Up in a dead tree,
Sitting fully in view,
Were two Quaker doves
In their garments all new.

Like statutes they sat
And listened with grace,
Till moved by the spirit
In their resting place,

They began to express,
In sweet minor tone,
The joys of the Sabbath
That to them had flown.

The Lark, from his perch
On the top of a tree,
In his bright golden vest,
Sang out in wild glee.

He poured from his heart,
In clear, thrilling voice,
A pure song of praise
That made all rejoice.

The little Ground-sparrow
Sat chirping away,
Helping thus to fill up
The praise of the day.

Although the Ground-sparrow
Was not fashionably dressed,
He seemed in good standing,
For he stood with the best.

The Red-headed Wood-pecker,
Always jolly and free,
Beat time with his bill
On a neighboring tree.

And then when a lull
Had come in the singing,
From out in the wood
A new voice came ringing.

It trilled all the scales
Known to music of bird,
The flats and the sharps
Could plainly be heard.

The bass and the tenor
And alto were sung,
Yet the clear ringing voice
Was never unstrung.

It sang like the Robin,
Like the Jay-bird did talk,
It cooed like the dove,
And screamed like the hawk.

And then from its discord
Turning sharply away,
It poured from its heart,
Through the bright shining day,

A song of such sweetness
And beauty and charm,
That all other songsters
Sat still in alarm,

Lest their own singing
Should cease to be heard,
Because of the song
Of the Mocking-bird.

HIS KERRICTER.

YOU say I've lost my kerricter?
Pray tell me, sir, what is that?
Is it a Yankee name for a spade, sir,
Or a new-fangl'd name for a hat?

I've niver seen no kerricter
That I iver own'd in my loife,
Perhaps it's somethin' peculiar, sir,
That may be belongin' to my woife.

If I iver did hev a kerricter,
It may in auld Oirland make shift,
But I told Biddy when packin', sir,
That nothin' behoind should be lift.

It's ivident, sir, that my kerricter
Was overlook'd by her in her haste,
But if they foind it wanderin', sir,
I'll just hev them ship me the baste.

I niver hev missed my kerricter,
It's a thing for which I've no nade;
I'm sure it would be better, sir,
If I had a shinin' new spade.

As to dhrummin' up my kerricter,
Auld ocean is moighty woide,
It had better pick grass for itsilf, sir,
And go roamin' on 'tother soide.

There's some people, sir, with kerricter,
That's no bitter off than mysilf.
Judgin' from what I've heerd, sir,
It don't add much to one's wilth.

I knowed a big mon with a kerricter,
Oh, he was a moighty foine mon,
Of his kerricter he boasted, sir,
And he was a big politishon.

He was al'ys defendin' his kerricter,
But he niver brought it to show,
So what his foine kerricter looked like
I niver did half way know.

If its good to hev a kerricter,
May be you kin make me a lind;
And if I find it rompin' good, sir,
Straight back to auld Oirland I'll sind.

And when I resave my kerricter,
From the shores of the Green Emeral' Oisle,
If you are needin' to borry, sir,
I'll let you have moine for awhoile.

They say when you've lost your kerricter,
It's not very asy to foind;
But why they don't advertoise, sir,
Is not very clear to my moind.

THE SOUL'S A HARP.

THE soul's a harp that's played upon
By every wind that blows.
Its strings are closely set and drawn—
The breezes are the bows.

Some days the strings in quiet lie,
The breezes fail to flow;
Again they sing in merry tune,
When breezes briskly blow.

And then they sound in discord loud
When storms arise without;
They're tuned to nature's every mood,
That circleth them about.

When darkest clouds o'ercast the skies,
Sad murmur flows from strings;
When sunshine poureth in its warmth,
All murmur taketh wings.

At last the harp, grown tired by use,
Its strings in silence lie;
The earthly breeze they now refuse—
They're tuned for by and by.

THE OCEAN.

THOU mighty, restless ocean wide,
I hear thy ever-beating tide
Which throbs upon thy rock-bound shore,
As pulse of time forever more.

Thou hold'st the earth in thy embrace,
And hidest it with thy broad face;
Naught can prevail against thy power,
Which over all in might doth tower.

Thou wild and dark and billowy waste,
Thy waves in madness wildly haste
Before the tempest's driving breath,
O'erwhelming man in sudden death.

Leaping, roaring in thy madness,
Fierce and savage in thy greatness,
All unconquered and untamed,
No one hath thine arms e'er chained.

Thy billows strong, mad riot run,
Naught can upon thy bosom shun
Their frenzy as they wildly rush—
None can their angry roaring hush.

See helpless man upon thy face,
Thou makest sport of his proud race;
His fleets are buried by thy might
In thine own depths of endless night.

Fretting, rushing, roaring, pounding,
In thy fury loud resounding;

Tossing high in restlessness,
Thy soul is burdened with distress.

Rejoicing in thy untamed power,
Thou standest ready to devour
All things that come to thine embrace,
Of every tribe and every race.

Thou all-consuming ocean wide,
What wonders in thy depths reside!
What countless treasures dost thou keep
Locked in thy caverns dark and deep!

Thou holdest in thy secret caves
A countless host of unmarked graves,
Of those whose hearts were filled with glee
When they sailed out upon the sea.

As some sailed on from day to day
With joyful hope and spirits gay,
There came at last the blackened sky,
Thy billows rose in fury high.

Their ships were tossed in sport by waves
Till they sank down to unknown graves;
Unseen by mortal eye they sleep
Beneath thy billows dark and deep.

What sacred hopes were wrecked by thee
Of those who gladly sailed to sea!
Their lives went out in wild dismay,
In blackest night or darkest day.

Scarce was there time with dying breath
To breathe short prayer before dread death

Had swiftly claimed them for his own,
When to thy fury they were thrown.

They gave themselves in trust to thee
When they sailed forth upon the sea;
Thy kindness they did ever crave,—
Thou gavest them an unknown grave.

Thou smilest in thy sweetest mood,
Mak'st promise of the greatest good,
Till man is lured upon thy deep,—
Then givest thou eternal sleep.

O hearts that in the ocean lie,
O spirits that forever cry,
And souls that do forever weep
Amid thy darkest caverns deep,

Your voices in the ocean groan,
Your lonesome spirits ever moan
And sound to shore their dark despair,
Borne faintly through the evening air.

To hearts that sit upon the shore
And gaze in silence ever more
With eyes far searching o'er the sea
Expecting there lost sail to see,

There cometh naught but sad refrain
From out the dark and throbbing main,—
Who sailed to sea come not again,
They dwell within the boundless main.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE life of man is a passing spark
That dieth quick within the dark.
Sometimes it's like the lightning's flash
That endeth in a thunder crash.

As passing bird he cometh on
And lights a moment, then is gone.
He's driven like the clouds of heaven,
No place of rest on earth is given.

He cometh like the dew of night,
Which morning sun doth put to flight.
As leaf that falleth from the tree,
He quickly falls in God's great sea.

As grain of sand borne back from shore,
So his career is quickly o'er.
Like running brook he swift doth go,
And murmuring to the sea doth flow.

His life's a flower that blooms and dies,
A sweet perfume that swiftly flies,
A bubble that doth swell and rise,
A tint that decks the evening skies,

A meteor's flash that leaves no trail,
A cry within the dark, a wail,
A pang, at times, with no relief,
A passing cup brim full of grief,

A thought, a love, a faith, a hope,
An effort with death's power to cope,
A tick of clock, a pulse, a breath,
And then swift endeth all in death.

SUNRISE.

THE snow lay white upon the earth,
Time to the morn was giving birth;
The sun his heralds forth had sent,
Which to the sky their glory lent.

All high above was clear and fair,
And bright and pure was morning air;
Low down and stretching far and wide,
Lay burning clouds decked in their pride.

Stretched long upon their narrow beds,
Their garments glowed with all the reds,
While crowded closely in between
Were purest tints of blue and green.

So delicate the rose and fair,
It melted into liquid air.
The purple faded into dark,
As swiftly fled the glowing spark.

The tints so dainty and so clean,
Were fit for robes of heavenly queen.
No human hand can ever trace
Such living tints and forms of grace.

The eye beheld the wondrous sight,
Drank in the mystic rays of light
That played upon the garments bright
Of morning's robes, then took their flight.

Poor mortal words can not express
The radiant scene, the graciousness,

The splendor of the morning sky
Lit up by sunbeams from on high.

What promise of the day to come,
Thus greets us with the morning sun!
Let birth of morn in glory fair
Help fill our days with beauty rare.

The glory's shed from out the sky,
It cometh down from God on high;
It speaketh of the by and by
When mortal man shall cease to sigh.

If sunbeams in the morning cloud
Thus rich the earth with splendor shroud,
What glories shall the heavenly sky
Throw round the soul in worlds on high.

CATCHING FLEAS.

I SAW a big man hunting fleas,
And he was tall, but on his knees;
His head was sharp, his nose was big,
And on his head he wore a wig.

Said I to him, "Why on thy knees?"
Said he to me, "I'm catching fleas;
All day I spend upon my knees,
For strong my mind doth run to fleas.

"You see my head runs to a point,
To hold my mind that stays upon't;
He who would a good fleaman be
Must make his head a point, you see.

“I am a fleaman of great skill,
For to it I bring all my will;
And then my will it rules my mind,
And so the flees I quickly find.”

I watched him as he worked with skill,
He swift his sack with fleas did fill;
No flea could hide from his sharp sight,
He caught each flea in its fast flight.

I stood and gazed, and was amazed—
The more I gazed the more amazed—
That skill so great should ever be
In any man to catch a flea.

“What doest thou with things so small,
That thou dost give thy time and all
Thy skill and strength and wit of mind
Such hopping mites to catch and find?”

“My only trade is catching fleas,
And to my trade I give my days;
When I have caught them then I choose
In one short hour to turn them loose

“I am a man of one idee,
So I do naught but catch the flea;
The man who one thing well can do
Don't into other business go.”

I said to him, “What knowest thou
Of Heaven above or earth below?”
Said he to me, “I just know how
To catch the flea, and that I do.

“There are no Heaven and earth to me,
For I know naught but just the flea;
To catch them gives such peace of mind
That I have time naught else to find.”

Take warning, O ye men of mind,
Who ought the best of things to find,
That in your efforts to find ease,
You do not take to catching fleas.

The flea is good, he has his place,
And so has the great human race;
The world is wide and God is great,
And let us not them underrate.

Spread out your mind through time and space,
Look all around and view the face
Of this great world in which we live,
And to the Lord all glory give.

You who direct the human mind,
In this poor fleaman well may find
A fine example of your skill
In helping to defeat God's will.

COME, SAIL WITH ME.

O come, my dear, and sail with me
The waters o'er on life's smooth sea;
My bark is here, O come, my dear,
And then right soon this port we'll clear.

The sun doth shine, soft blows the wind,
The waters lie in peace most kind;
O come, my dear, and sail with me
The waters o'er on life's smooth sea.

The sail is set for breezes yet,
That Heaven will in kindness let;
Bright shines her prow, and strong her bow,
Right sharp her keel; so come right now.

The breezes blow so soft and low,
That out of port we'll gently flow,
And then away, by light of day,
We'll glide to ocean from this bay.

Come right along, my heart is strong,
And we will make the voyage long;
If storms arise and fill the skies,
My ship is safe as on she flies.

Come, don't delay, let's be away,
For calms may come another day;
Now let us start with merry heart,
For this will be the better part.

Come, now choose, but don't refuse,
And then the ship I'll quickly loose;

O come, my dear, and sail with me
The waters o'er on life's smooth sea.

Your words are fair, O good, kind sir,
And deep my heart they truly stir;
But is your sail not quite too frail
Your gallant ship for two to sail?

If I embark and take my heart,
For what good port wilt thou then start?
As on you speed, if hearts grow dead,
They'll sink thy ship like weights of lead.

O speak the truth, wilt thou, forsooth,
E'er love me as in days of youth?
A woman's heart should never start
Unless it sees the landing mart.

The sky is clear, and sweet the air,
And all thy words are good and fair;
But as we sail will heart grow frail,
So that the promised port we'll fail?

Come, now, at start, e'er we depart,
And talk to me from out thy heart;
If heart speaks clear warm words of cheer,
Then soon this quiet port we'll clear.

O yes, I see, it speaks to me,
And pours my heart brim full of glee;
And so, my dear, I'll sail with thee
The waters o'er on life's smooth sea.

OLD KENTUCKY.

I SING of Old Kentucky,
Thou land of chivalry;
Thy fields are fair,
None to compare,
Thy hillsides bright and sunny.

Thou land of heroes sleeping,
Who fell for freedom bleeding;
Strong were their arms
To shield from harms,
Their hearts were great and loving.

Thou land of milk and honey,
Thou land of peace and plenty,
Thy maidens sweet,
Thy coursers fleet,
Have made thy fame an envy.

Broad lie thy fields in beauty,
Strong are thy hearts for duty;
With faith in God
Thy sons e'er trod
This land of Eden's beauty.

Thy sons can ne'er forget thee,
If danger shall beset thee,
Where'er they roam
Away from home,
They'll swiftly fly to save thee.

My heart to thee turns gladly,
But sometimes it beats sadly,

Lest thou forget
Thy mission set
By Him who ruleth wisely.

O sons of Old Kentucky,
O daughters, fair and lucky,
Stand firm for God,
Defend your sod,
And thus adorn humanity.

GOD'S MARCH.

GOD is marching in the ages,
He is making history's pages,
He speaketh through His sages
While his chariot rolleth on.

God pusheth with His might,
He shineth with His light,
He always doeth right,
While the ages He unfolds.

God driveth on the race,
At an ever faster pace,
To gain a higher place
'Mong the kingdoms He doth rule.

God ruleth over all,
He doth each nation call,
He maketh each to fall
As He floods and ebbs the tide.

God's arms are great and strong,
He doth the march prolong,
And He forceth all along
As He walketh in His might.

To the music of the spheres,
To the wail of dying years,
To the drop of falling tears
He doth open His great heart.

While time reels out the years
At the drum-beat of the spheres,
As man doth shed his tears
God's great purpose doth unfold.

God driveth fast ahead,
'Mid the living and the dead,
His glory He doth spread
As His garments scatter light.

God turneth not aside,
Straightforward doth He stride,
Naught before Him can abide,
For He marcheth unto victory.

God seeketh ever best,
He knoweth never rest,
All souls by Him are blest,
For His blessings ever fall.

Go, then, and march with God,
And on you He'll not trod,
Be sure to never plod
For He leaves the slow behind.

God unto man doth call,
Let man before Him fall
And for His blessings all
Pour out praise through all his days.

THE TIDES OF LIFE.

THERE'S sadness in my heart to-day,
I cannot tell just how I feel,
Nor do I know just how to say
The things that through my spirit steal.

The birds have flown, the trees are brown,
The sky is black with weeping cloud;
The leaves are falling slowly down,
The earth is wrapped in nature's shroud.

Life fast doth ebb from out the north,
The tide hath turned and floweth south;
It taketh all that seems of worth,
As in its might it floweth forth.

It leaves a chill within my veins,
Which speaks of winter's deadly blast.
It seems that naught of life remains,
That swelled the tide in summer past.

The tide of life doth ebb and flow
In God's great throbbing sea of life;
It maketh all things live and grow
When in its flood-tide it is rife.

And then it ebbeth fast away,
And sweepeth all before its might ;
It gathereth strength another day,
And rises to its former height.

God floods and ebbs the living tides,
Which make all things to live and die.
Life's ocean in Him e'er abides,
From which He doth all life supply.

His rising tides fill full the cup
With which each mortal is possessed.
From this his life he daily sups,—
But drained too deep he is distressed.

Without God's tide naught could abide,
Death everywhere would reign supreme.
Its flood doth sweep both strong and wide,
And doth the life of all redeem.

At last, with empty cups, on shore
Of God's eternal living sea,
We'll wait the rising tide once more,
To fill our cups with life to be.

THOSE GOOD OLD TIMES.

I^N these latter days
Of new kinds of people
With new-fangled ways
And many inventions,
I like to go back
To old-fashioned ways
And old-fashioned people
Who had other intentions.

From out the dim past
The breezes come blowing.
From memory's halls
Sweet incense comes flowing,
Of days that look large
In spite of the distance,
Of days that have pierced
Through time's strong resistance.

The old-fashioned fire-place
On nights that were cold,
Filled in with gum back-log,
Then wood that was old
And well-dried piled high
On the old-fashioned dog-irons,
Loudly crackled and roared,
And intensely it poured
Generous heat all around,
So that winter's cold blasts
Into summer were turned.

In front of the fire
The rabbit hung roasting;
In the hot embers
Potatoes were toasting;
Up close to the fire
The apples lay simmering
And spitting in agony dire.

In the big iron oven
The corn-pone was browning,
While the hominy simmered
In the pot on the coals.
The fire-light shimmered,
The grease-lamp glimmered,
The basket of apples
Passed briskly around.

Oh, those were the days
When to live was worth living;
The days when appetite
Was always specially good;
When old-fashioned things
Were dished up for food.
When preserves stood alone,
And molasses was thick,
When pig's feet were well cooked,—

Days when anything would stick
To the ribs of a boy,
And would make him grow strong,
So he could hollow and jump,
And tumble and romp,

And move round in the world
As a living boy should.

Those were the good days
When sausage stood in repute,
So good that none could dispute;
Of big fat cucumber pickles
Filled chuck full of vinegar
Made from real apple cider.
Ah! they were smacking victuals.

In those days you could stand
With pie in each hand,
And take a big bite
To suit your appetite,
And tuck it away
Without any delay;
Or with a hunk of gingerbread
Chucked under each arm,
You could wander around
And eat where you pleased,
With no fear you'd upset
The terrible laws of etiquette.

In those good old days
There was nothing you couldn't eat,—
Sausage, ham, and pigs' feet,
Blackberry jam, "punken-butter,"
Apple-sauce and apple-butter;
Rabbit, possum and persimmons,
Roasted goose and all its trimmens;
Young pig roast, and quail on toast,
All of which were specially good.

In the country out there
Were whole acres of air
For each one to breathe,
And there was plenty to spare,
For no one could receive
Into his body and live
The whole supply granted.

And then to go out
In the cool of the morn
And see the sun rise
Through the old apple-trees,
And feel the cool breeze
As it kissed your warm cheeks
And played through your hair!

O this was the live air,
That after the warm night
Sent a thrill of delight
Through your body and soul,
And made you feel in your heart
That you'd never grow old.

And then to stretch out your arms
As far as ever you could,
And just throw back your head
And yawn as much as you would,
And draw all the fresh air
Into your lungs that you could,—
Ah, this was delicious beyond expression.

From on top of the hill
Came the blithe whistle of the quail

Floating down in the breeze
Through the old apple-trees.
On the hillside could be seen
The cows feasting on grass
That was tender and green,

And the horses fling down
Along the path in the field,
Expecting their journey to yield
A breakfast of water and corn,
Which was due them at morn;
The pigs squealing out there,
With their voice of despair,
Sounded sweet in the air.

And then to drink from a gourd,
From the old well in the yard,
The cold, sparkling water
Drawn with bucket and sweep
From down ever so deep
In the cold earth.

And just out there
To wash your face
And wet your hair
With the living water,
Filled your heart with good cheer
In the bright, blessed morning,
And gave promise of life
And good health for many a year.

Oh! the spirit of the morning,
Breathing through the fresh air!

The spirit of the cold water
So sparkling and fair!
The spirit of life in the green earth,
And in moving things of higher birth,
All flow through man's spirit
And give it beauty and worth.

O man, thou poor mortal,
Open up ev'ry portal
Of thy soul in dire need,
That in joy it may feed
On the streams of life
That are evermore flowing
From the water and air,
From sunshine so fair,
From the song of the bird,
And the voice of the herd;
From meadow and mountain
And the cool flowing fountain;
From the rose and the leaf,
From the grain in the sheaf,
From the clouds in the air,
From everything and every where.

Thy soul will be blest
If it can receive
What eternally flows
From out of God's springs;
And be doubly blest,
If it can believe
That from His hand
Comes all it receives.

GIVE MY HEART ONE DAY OF FREEDOM.

GIVE my heart one day of freedom,
To wander wherever it will;
To fly like the birds in the spring-time,
Over mountain and valley and hill.

Give my heart one day of freedom,
To fly to the woods and the hills,
To drink from the cool flowing fountains
That flow in bright sparkling rills.

Give my heart one day of freedom
To fly from the haunts of men,
To search through earth's fairest Edens
On mountain, in wildwood, and glen.

Give my heart one day of freedom,
To breathe the pure mountain air,
That its currents may flow more freely,
And inspire me with visions more fair.

Give my heart one day of freedom,
To sing and to shout all the day,
Where no sound of a human footstep
Can chase my freedom away.

THERE'S A SONG.

THERE'S a song that no mortal has sung,

It is tuned to the notes most divine;
It flows from the lips of redeemed
In sweet strains that no harp can refine.

Bright angels have sought it to sing,
But their voices have faltered and failed;
Their harps have stood silent and still
While the song of redemption prevailed.

On the banks of the river of life
The song of redemption is sung,
While in silence the angels all stand
Holding harps that are mute and unstrung.

Wide, wide o'er the plains it resounds,
And echoes from mountains above;
The song that no angel can sing
Is redemption through infinite love.

A STORM WILL ARISE.

ASTORM will arise on the morrow,
For the air is now stifling and still;
I feel that the powers above me
Are now moving against my will.

I see not the hand that is moving,
But I know that it pushes amain;
It is forging the cyclone and thunder,
And my efforts will all be in vain.

In silence and awe I stand waiting
For the storm in its fury to rise;
Well I know that after its madness
Soon again I shall see the clear skies.

The hand that drives on the storm-wind,
That builds the fierce hurricane's wrath,
Sweeps darkness from out of the heavens
When the storm has swept by in its path.

THE AGES.

THE ages are crowded together,
They are borne on the stream of time;
The past ever lives in the present,
And renders each age more sublime.

The thoughts that have lived are still living,
The deeds that were done never die;
The heroes who fell still redeem us—
The ages bear onward their cry.

Each thought that is born in the present
Shall thrill through the ages to come;
Each deed that is wrought by endeavor,
Has all coming time for its home.

We stand and we view the present,
We see all the ages combined,
We pluck the rich fruit that they bring us—
By time from dark dross more refined.

We call to the past to help us,
She opens her bountiful hand,
She pours out her treasures upon us,
And scatters them wide through the land.

All ages are singing and shouting,
They call unto us who now live;
They bear all the wealth of all nations
Which to us they most freely would give.

We sow to the winds in the present,
But the harvest eternal shall spring;
The reaping must follow the sowing—
God's sickles forever shall ring.

The swallows fly swiftly o'er us,
And the eagle floats high and sublime;
And then the vile serpent and dragon
Creep forth on the bosom of time.

We skim like the swallows above us,
Or we creep like the dragons below;
Good angels may come to inspire us,
Or demons to fill us with woe.

What, then, shall we take from the ages?
And what be the path we shall tread?
Shall we soar with the swallow and eagle,
Or creep with the dragon till dead?

THE SPRINGS OF GOD.

THE springs of God can never run dry,
In the beautiful mountains they stand up
high;
The angels of God their waters supply
From fountains above that can never run dry.

The breath of the angels on the beautiful moun-
tains
Melteth the snow to fill up the fountains;
While the snow shall fall the fountains shall flow,
While the mountains shall stand the snow will
grow.

While the winds bring the clouds the snow will
not fail;
While the ocean makes clouds the winds will
them sail;
While God wills the ocean shall stand,
For he holdeth it fast in his omnipotent hand.

The springs of God can never run dry,
For up in the mountains of Heaven so high
The oceans of God their waters supply,
And this is the reason they can never run dry.

A LEAF.

NAUGHT but a leaf that hangs up high,
You pluck me but I do not cry.
And do you ask what use am I?
Wer't not for me you'd quickly die.

I hold right tightly to the trees,
I wave about in ev'ry breeze,
And with ten thousand mouths so fair
I gather food from out the air.

In me the wondrous power is rife
To lift the dead up into life;
God kisses me with his sunshine,
And then the living power is mine.

My living power to raise the dead
Flows from God's fountains overhead.
Without my power you'd ne'er be fed,
Without my help all things were dead.

I work for thee with all my might,
And yet I somewhat rest by night;
By day God sendeth me the light
By which I do my work aright.

God useth me to do his will;
Me doth he with his Spirit fill,
Else how could I thus raise the dead,
If by his Spirit I were not fed?

See God in me, he worketh there,
His Spirit shines with light so rare;
It giveth life to all that lives,
So let all give to Him who gives.

THE HEN AND HER EGG.

HENS lay eggs, and eggs hatch chickens;
But who in the name of the dickens
Ken tell ef in the nat'ral order of things
The egg was made first, or the hen with her
wings?

Ef the hen was here first, it's all very well,
Fur in that case it's easy to tell
That she might take a notion to prepare her an
egg,

In which case, ef she did, I respectfully beg

Some wise man to tell me this very morn
How she ever did learn the work to perform.
But and ef the egg it was first on the airth,
From what did the egg at that time have its birth?

This egg from the hen, and this hen from the egg,
It's all very true, moves us back quite a peg;
But when we've gone back as fur as we ken,
The same question rises up about the first hen.

'Tis true the first hen might hev come from the
moon,

Fur she has two good wings with which to hev
flew;

But ef the hen's egg from the moon had hev fell,
It's plain to my mind 'twould hev busted its
shell.

Ef one of the two we e'er must believe,
The flight of the hen 'twould be best to receive;

Howsoe'er in creation this thing might hev been,
Thar's one thing that don't seem so easy and
plain.

The one little thing I wish you'd explain—
How the hen from the egg could ever hev came;
The egg on the inside don't look like a chicken,
Thar's nawthen in thar you ken even see kicken.

Ef you bust up the egg to see the chicken jump
out,

The yaller and white go a splashen about;
Thar's nawthen in thar you ever ken see
That shows you just how a chicken ken be.

But when the old hen has done her best work,
And set on that egg through sunshine and dark,
The yaller and white git to fussen away,
And out jumps a fine chicken some bright sunny
day.

A chicken has a mouth and two ears and two eyes,
And it has two wings with which it soon flies;
It has a good gizzard and stumick and feathers,
Which keep it right warm in all kinds of
weathers.

It has also a heart and liver and light,
And two legs fur to run with all of its might;
While the egg it has nawthen but yaller and
white—

And this puts my story in a very sad plight.

And then, sir, this chicken, she feels and she
moves,

And, after her fashion, she thinks and she loves;
She goes roamin' around fulfillen her mission,
And thus helps to make up the sum of creation.

But yet to my mind it is not very clear,
How frum yaller and white the young bird ken
appear;

Why the two all alone worken thar in the dark
Don't fail in their aim and thus miss the mark.

Ef it warn't fur the wise men uv this latter day,
I'd surely be almost tempted to say,
That in maken this chicken with its parts and its
powers,

Requiren work of great cunnin' through very
many hours,

The good Lord had tuck a hand worken thar in
the dark,

And had lit up the egg with a luminous spark
That caused it to move with wisdom divine
And fashioned its body, its heart and its mind.

But now, as I tell you, I don't say this is true,
Fur wise men hev told me that this will not do;
They say that the Lord has late suffered defeat,
And that they hev sure driv him to take a back
seat.

This bein' then true, I must them respect,
Which leaves me in trouble more than a peck;
In order, tharfore, to get rid of confusion,
I hasten straight back to my former conclusion.

When the hen, exercisen, too high she had flown,
To the airth she came sailen right down from the
moon.

In thus deciden, my own wisdom I've shewn,
Fur I've throw'd the trouble back to the man in
the moon.

SAILING.

I SEE thy ship fast sailing
On the sunny sea of life.
From what port art thou hailing?
Art thou bound to port of life?

To what port art thou sailing,
O thou man of happy life?
Are the eastern winds prevailing
That will waft to port of life?

Has thy voyage e'er been westward,
Towards the land of the setting sun,
Towards the gate that opens heavenward,
When earth's voyage shall be done?

Has the sea been smooth and sunny?
Have thy sails kind breezes caught?
Thou shalt meet upon thy journey
Breezes yet with whirlwinds fraught.

Keep thine eye upon the weather,
Keep thy hand upon the helm,
Tie thy heart firm by its tether,
To the God who rules the realm.

Clouds will rise, the sun will darken,
Winds will rage and lightnings flash,
But in this thou e'er must hearken
Unto Him who guides its crash.

Sail thy ship, sail fast and stately,
Keep her gallant sails unfurled;
Guide thy ship, yes, guide her straightly,
When the storms around are hurled.

When the clouds are blackest round thee,
When the winds the fiercest blow,
When the waves would sure engulf thee,
And would send thy bark below,

Then look quickly round about thee,
Let thine eye the darkness scan;
Thou shalt see stretched out beyond thee,
The Almighty's reaching hand.

Thou shalt see through darkness piercing,
Light that comes from heaven's light-house,
Tended by the angel watchmen
Who keep vigil in the light-house

Then if thou wilt meekly listen,
Press thine ear close to thy soul,
Thou wilt hear a voice that whispers,
"It shall harmless o'er thee roll."

Let thy faith be strong and steadfast,
Let thy love in ardor glow;
Let thy hope grow ever brighter,
As thou sail'st the darkness through.

Thou shalt see the port beyond thee,
Thou shalt hear the watchmen call,
Thou shalt see the lights all gleaming
On the top of heaven's wall.

Thou shalt hear angelic footsteps,
As like snow they softly fall,
Thou shalt hear the angels whisper,
As in whispers faint they call.

Then thou'lt hear the Master saying,
Open wide the pearly gate,
There's a soul that's just now landing,
Let him in to his estate.

GOD'S GREATNESS.

THERE's naught of space too much for Thee,
For Thou dost fill infinity;
And time is not too long for Thee,
Thou dwellest in eternity.

From age to age Thou movest on;
Thou makest worlds to rise and fall,
And yet Thy work is never done,
For Thou dost rule forever all.

Thou dost outrun the rays of sun,
Thy wings are swifter than the light;
When they begin Thy journey's done,
So swift art Thou in Thy great might.

All things that are have flown from Thee,
Thou madest all by Thy decree;
All life hath flown from out Thy sea,
And all returneth unto Thee.

Thy lights all shine forever bright,
To Thee there cometh never night,
For all doth glow beneath Thy light,
And all is open to Thy sight.

Thou holdest all the worlds afar,
Within Thy grasp is every star;
Each one is chained to Thine own car,
And Thou dost move it by Thy power.

Thou drivest on through endless space,
Thy chariot moves at swiftest pace;
Thy coursers run the endless race
While Thou dost guide them by Thy grace.

Thy power doth flow in circuits wide,
So naught that is can from it hide;
It filleth all as Thou dost guide,
For naught without it could abide.

Thou God of all immensity,
Thou God of all intensity,
How can the feeble spark we have
Give aught to Thee who to us gave?

If my poor lamp shall dimly glow,
As on eternal ages flow,
Yet how can this be aught to Thee,
Thou God of all immensity?

No atom can escape from Thee,
Thou dost each atom ever see;
Thou madest each by Thy decree,
And by its work it praiseth Thee.

If one should fail to do its work
The universe might miss its mark,
For who but God can surely tell
If one refuse that all might fail?

All things of atoms small are made,
Of every kind and every grade;
God careth for the atoms first
Of which He made the universe.

My light may shine as atom dim,
But in its glow it praiseth Him;
However small my light may be,
It shineth back in God's great sea.

THE HONEY-BEE.

AMONG all things on earth below
The wisdom of the bee doth glow;
She fills her stomach with rich foods,
And from her sides the wax exudes.

Of wax she builds her house with skill;
With feet for trowels she makes her cells,—
Each cell a building most complete,
In which to store her royal sweet.

Some cells for eggs of drones she wills,
Some cells with pollen rich she fills,
And then she buildeth worker cells,
And royal house where young queen dwells.

Each cell is built with such wise skill,
Its purpose it doth well fulfill;
In cell of drone and working bee,
In cell of queen that is to be,

The queen doth lay, led by her mind,
The proper egg to hatch each kind.
O wondrous queen, how dost thou know
The kind of egg for each to grow?

How canst thou with thy small mind tell
That worker egg's for worker's cell?
That eggs which hatch out lazy drones
Must e'er be placed in larger homes?

Come see a marvel of God's ways
As worker bee fulfills her days;
With skill that cometh from the skies
Her many-mansioned house doth rise.

She maketh bee-bread for her young,
She sees that useless drones are stung;
She placeth in the royal cell
Which she hath built both large and well,

An egg that is a queen to be,
And then with wisdom she doth see
That larva, royal food is fed,
That it may up to queen be led.

Thou tendest all thy young with care,
Thy queens are fed till they are fair;
Thy wings do bear thee far away,
And thou dost work through all the day.

However far thou e'er dost roam,
With thy keen eyes thou seest thy home,
And rising far into the sky,
Thou dost with ease straight homeward fly.

Small baskets in thy thighs are hung,
In which thou gatherest food for young;
Woe be to him who'd rob thy cell,
For with thy sting thou guard'st it well.

And when thy number is too great,
Thou searchest out a new estate,
And ledest forth from out thy hive,
A number large, that all may live.

Thou risest early in the morn
And seek'st the hearts of flowers new-born;
And there sweet nectar thou dost find,
Poured from their hearts to suit thy mind.

With nectar thou thy pouch dost fill,
And from it honey soon distill,
Which thou dost place in each small cell,
And then dost seal with magic skill.

With buzzing wing and busy feet,
Thou fillest well thy home with sweet;
Both late at eve and early morn,
Thou storest sweet for bees unborn.

In thy great zeal through many a day,
Thy wings at last are worn away,
Thy life's all spent in storing sweet,
That other bees may have to eat.

O man, stand up in God's great light,
And from the bee read lessons right.
Untaught the bee knows more of worth
Than half of all the kings of earth.

Her skill is great beyond compare,
Her wisdom is of kind most rare;
Her industry none can excel,
Her foresight is too great to tell.

Much care is for the tender young,
Who'll need her wealth when she is gone.
She loves her queen and guards her well,
And for queen's good her life will sell.

The greatest care of her wise mind
Is gathering sweet to leave behind.
In looking o'er the stores of earth
She counts the bitter of no worth.

The bee doth ever use her tongue
To gather sweet from flowers among,
And thus to thee's a lesson meet,
To make thy tongue at all times sweet.

O man, if thou wouldst fill thy place,
Use all thy power for God's great race;
Store up earth's good rich sweets in barn,
And give for those who are not born.

God's prophets speak for age that comes,
God's heroes fight that future homes
May be more firm in all the land,—
That the great race may higher stand.

O man, bowed down in earthly dust,
Lift up thy head and in God trust,
That He thy powers will use most wise
To build thy mansions to the skies.

THE OLD MAN.

AN aged man went stooping low,
He leaned upon his cane;
His flowing hair was white as snow,
And feeble was his frame.

His eyes were cast upon the ground,
As if a grave he sought;
His voice was feeble, and its sound
Could scarce convey his thought.

“Whence comest thou, my ancient friend,
Art thou not weary here?
Dost thou not seek thy journey's end,
And hast thou aught of fear?”

“I came from out the ancient past;
My journey is of old;
And many with me journeyed fast
Who long since went to mold.

“My path has been a winding way
O'er many a rugged steep;
I've climbed the mountains many a day,
And waded many a deep.

“This world I've traveled widely o'er,
Its kingdoms I have seen;
My feet have often pressed the shore
Of empires that have been.

“The rising sun of life with me
Was far back in the east;
But now my setting sun I see
Descending in the west.

“I see my childhood's gleeful days
Rise clearly to my view;
My manhood's strong and rugged days
In mind are ever new.

“Old age has found me out at last,
He presses hard his claims;
I know my journey's almost past,
But I have other aims.

“And now if unto you I say
What times and days are best,
If I would choose the new-born day,
Or sunset in the west,

“I'd say to you, the rising sun
Throws sweet and gentle light;
And then the glowing noon-day sun
Is glorious in his might;

“But unto me the setting sun,
Descending in the west,
At close of day, his journey run,—
To me this speaks of rest.

“The glories of the evening sky,
Its tints of every hue
Are flashed with light from heaven on high
Which shines the gateways through.

“The pilgrim who has journeyed far
Knows well his need of rest;
And so I'll view the evening star
And step into the west.”

THE KING'S DECREE.

ALL kings of earth met and decreed
That stalking death should no more feed
Upon the subjects whom they ruled—
Of human flesh he'd had his meed.

So each his kingdom did surround
With walls whose height scarce knew a bound.
No crack was left for death to creep,
No ray of light could through it peep.

And close inside the wall they placed
A wall of soldiers who all faced
The mighty wall that pierced the clouds,—
And then they said, we'll need no shrouds.

They met again in jubilee,
For they rejoiced their work to see;
Loud shouts of vict'ry rent the air,
Which echoed back from ev'ry star.

And then their subjects they informed
That they by death should not be harmed;
The kings lay down and went to sleep—
When they awoke they heard men weep.

In wild dismay they looked around,
Death had crept up from out the ground,
While kings and subjects slept in peace,
Death's appetite knew no surcease.

Death in his march knows no defeat,
He conquers both the small and great,
At last his dread and unseen hand
Will conquer all in ev'ry land.

But the Great King will come at last,
Who will decree that death shall fast,
Whom death has conquered shall yet live,
Eternal life they yet shall have.

Death's sting from out their heart He'll draw;
He'll bring their bodies from death's maw;
And then in vict'ry wild they'll sing,
Thou cold, black death, where is thy sting?

TO THE LATTER-DAY SAGE.

THEY say that our bodies of atoms are made;
But pray what are atoms, and how were
they made?

An atom's a thing which no one has seen,
Yet atoms are things that a long time have been.

The microscope fails in its efforts to see
Things so little and small as atoms may be;
And yet all around us atoms are found—
In the earth and the air they always abound.

The sun and the planets of atoms are made,
And likewise the flowers and all things that fade;
The beasts of the field and the birds of the air,
The things that are ugly and things that are fair.

Yet no one an atom has tasted or seen,
Nor yet has he felt an atom that's been;
Ev'ry sense known to man each atom eludes,
Ev'ry power of his mind it also deludes.

Atoms of many different kinds there be,
And so they very often marry, you see.
Hydrogen and oxygen, two gases, draw near,
And by their close union form water that's clear.

Each smallest piece of water a molecule is,
And molecules added are all water that is;
A molecule no one has ever yet seen,
And yet they certainly for ages have been.

The rocks and the mountains, the water and earth,
And all living things to which time has given
 birth,
Are made of molecules so little and small
That no mortal eye has seen one at all.

Our bodies are mostly of four elements made,
C. and H., O. and N. form most tissues it's said;
The muscles and brain, the liver and lungs,
The gristle, and membranes, and even our
 tongues.

To form our bones some calcium's thrown in
To harden the gristle that's made of C., H., O.
 and N. ;
Also phosphorus, that's used to make lucifer
 matches,
Is put in our bones in very small batches.

If to these six things a pinch of iron be added,
And then, in between, a speck of sulphur be
 padded,
Then a whiff of chlorine, and of sodium a jot,
And then of potassium the least little dot,—

These are the main things of which our bodies
 are made;
But, just please remember, as before I have said,
That C., H., O. and N. are the main building-
 stones,
While calcium and phosphorus help make up the
 bones.

Of these building-stones that make up the frame,
The O., H. and N. are known as gases by name,
While C. is the diamond that sparkles so bright,
Ca., a metal, and phosphorus, a wax, that strikes
light.

These stones are joined in such wonderful ways
As to make up the body, which works many days;
Which body at last, through time's many delays,
Tumbles to pieces, when, at last, it decays.

Our bodies are made of the herbs of the field,
While earth, water and air the herbs ever do
yield;

That rocks, water and air are completely dead
Every man will grant who thinks in his head.

But herbs are alive, there's no doubt of that,
And so is your dog, as well as your cat;
And then you're alive as much as your cat,
And you have a soul that sits under your hat.

If a man is all molecules made out of dirt,
Why count him of more worth than a thrown-
away shirt?

Can molecules of air, of water and dirt,
Put themselves together to make a new shirt?

If by uniting and dancing a shirt they can't
make,

How can they by prancing a man's body make?
A man's body is harder to make than his shirt,
When it comes to weaving it out of the dirt.

But what of the soul that sits within,
That thinks, and loves, and trembles at sin;
That guides the body in all of its ways,
And helps it in wisdom to fill up its days?

If a shirt and a body molecules can't make,
Would they in their folly ever undertake
The soul of a man to fashion and form,
Or the heart of a woman, that ever beats warm?

Oh, ye sages of this scientific age,
Come sing us a song of the latter-day sage.
If atoms your gods you've determined to make,
Then in your fine wisdom make them awake.

Show how from the air, the water and earth,
The shirt and the body could have once had
 their birth;
How atoms and molecules dancing together,
Could have made a man's soul in any kind of
 weather.

There was an old-fashioned belief when I was a
 boy,
That dwelt in the heart and filled it with joy,
That behind these dead things was One Great
 Life,
That in and through things His Spirit ran rife,
That out of His mouth came the words of life,
So that things which were dead quick sprang
 into life.
This was the old-fashioned belief in old-fash-
 ioned days,

Among old-fashioned people of old-fashioned
ways.

In preparing the earth, for sure it was made,
Who put in the stuff just such as 'twould need,
And left nothing out from the earth or the air,
That must be used, living things to prepare?

If a necessary element had been left out,
If too much or too little had been scattered
about,
Then no living thing could have had its birth,
Even if living things could be born from the
earth.

If atoms and molecules can dance and make
man,
Who gave them the power to combine as they
can?
Who also made them of such numbers and kinds
That no failure was made in shaping our minds?

There is but One Power that ruleth over all,
He lifteth the mountains and seeth the sparrow
fall;
He guideth the stars in their courses by night,
And guideth the bird in its long weary flight.

He watcheth each world as it circles through
space,
He watcheth each atom and puts it in place,
He maketh His temples the heavens above,
He maketh our bodies His temples of love.

He buildeth the sun that scattereth night,
 He buildeth the diamond that flasheth His light,
 He dwelleth in atom, in sun, and in star,
 He dwelleth in hearts whose love shines afar.

His Power is in all, and through all it doth work,
 And all are in Him and by Him they do work;
 When atoms and worlds their mission perform,
 All is done by the One Omnipotent Arm.

A THOUSAND MILLION HUMAN SOULS.

A THOUSAND million weary souls
 Lay down their burdens at the close of day,
 And shut their heavy eyes in friendly sleep,
 Oblivious to self and man and God.
 God's eyes look down upon the slumbering hosts.

A thousand million anxious human souls
 Rise up each morn and bind upon their backs
 Life's heavy burdens, and plod with weary feet
 The devious paths traced by the Almighty's
 hand,
 Trod by the slumbering generations past.

A thousand million anxious human souls
 Open wide each morn their eyes in God's great
 sea
 Of light, which He has made for searching eyes
 That scan the universe to see and know
 That He is God of light and all that is.

A thousand million anxious human souls
Are born each morn from mute unconscious
sleep

Into the world of conscious, throbbing life—
Their doors wide open thrown that through
them flow

The powers of life and light that flood the
world.

A thousand million hungry human souls
Feast at God's tables every new-born day,
Quench well their thirst with water from His
springs,

And breathe the air from His life-giving ocean,
So that their failing strength is oft renewed.

A thousand million praying human souls,
Pressed by their poverty and sense of need,
In tongues unknown save only unto God,
Through speechless lips or idols dumb and dead,
Cry with their hearts to Thee, O God, for help.

A thousand million pilgrim human souls,
Made in Thine image, drifting darkly on,
With hearts that throb with ceaseless, countless
pulse,

Not knowing where they go nor asking why,
Are in Thy hands, Thou Keeper of the stars.

“POLITICS IS HELL.”

THERE'S something in the air as the wheels roll
round,
On which the great body of things is found,
That things get mixed up and confused in the
mind,
So our eyes don't see in ways the right kind.

Ah, sir, things are badly mixed in the air,
And the more we keep looking with a great big
stare,
The more the air grows murky and dim,
And our eyes get on them a very thick film.

The political air gets full of black smoke,
Due to a blowing off of political talk,
So that the common people can't see where to
walk,
And they stand round in the smoke and just talk.

But God's wind comes along and blows the
smoke away,
And, politics gone, we have a bright day,
Till next time our country we must surely save,
Then more spouting and smoke and suffocation
we have.

O sir, to my simple mind it seems quite grave,
To turn loose the devil our country for to save.
But once in a while he must for a spell
Be let loose just to show he's alive and well.

The politicians specially keep him a going
For he is so grand at puffing and blowing
Smoke in the air, so it saves their wind,
And for this very reason they treat him mighty
kind.

Once said a great judge, "Politics is hell;"
He spoke what he knew truly and well.
I knew the same judge, he the truth did tell,
For often he had seen it moving as hell.

O sir, is there not some kind of a machine
By which the political air can be swept clean?
Must the nation's best blood be poisoned to
death
By breathing black air at every drawn breath?

Can bribing, and stealing, and lying, and repeat-
ing,
Miscounting, and stuffing, suppressing, and im-
porting,
And all other tricks known to political art
Ever build for the nation a good honest heart?

If men must be knaves, good men to elect,
Then how can we know which knaves to select?
If all must be knaves for things to go well,
Then, as above stated, "Politics is hell."

THE MIGRATING RAIL.

THOU handsome, timid rail,
Thy power of wing did fail,
By long and weary flight
In darkness of the night.

Rest here in peace to-day,
To-morrow fly away;
Thy strength will be renewed
By rest and by good food.

Thou wearest thy new gown,
Made neat, of chestnut brown;
Thou tremblest at my sight,
And wouldst renew thy flight.

Abide awhile in peace,
Thy trembling fear release;
O why doth war not cease
By man against thy peace?

What spirit moved thy heart
That thou, in hope, didst start
From swamp and brake in south
To bog and fen in north?

The spirit of the spring
Into thy heart did sing,
And put thee on thy wing
To chase the flight of spring.

To spring the birds are dear,
Their songs she needs to hear;
She calleth them in north
From sunny home in south.

Their songs her heart do cheer,
They chase away all fear;
Inspire with new-born hope
The buds of spring that ope.

I toss thee in the air,
And break thy mute despair;
May thy swift wings soon bear
Thee to thy haven fair.

May voice within thee guide
To where thou wouldst abide,
And spirit of the spring
Inspire each stroke of wing.

THE WHIPPOORWILL.

IN shadiest nook and silent dell,
The whippoorwill delights to dwell.
From haunts of busy men away,
In silence he doth spend the day.

Clothed in his dark and modest dress,
He lowly sits in mute distress.
Avoiding ev'ry coming sound,
He nestles closely to the ground.

This silent hermit of the wood
Scarce moves about to get his food.
His heart with fear is weighted down,
He thinks the world is all a frown

When darkness wraps the world in night,
On noiseless wings he makes his flight;
And then from perch, in voice most shrill,
He rends the air with "whippoorwill."

Far through the silent night it speeds,
Arousing thoughts of darkest deeds;
Of dread oppression's fearful power,
When o'er the feeble it doth tower.

Again from out his icy heart,
As if the woes of life to start,
As if the human mind to thrill,
He chills the air with "whippoorwill."

Soon in dismay at his own voice,
He seeks the distant woods by choice,
And there in quiet settles down
To live in nature's darkest frown.

Thou bird of darkness and of night,
Forget thy ways and seek the light.
Judge not this world to be a tomb,
Because thy heart is full of gloom.

Push out among the birds of day,
With them awhile go romp and play;
Tune up thy heart with song of mirth,
And then thou wilt enjoy the earth.

Too much thou art enwapt in self.
Thou canst not see the boundless wealth
Which fills to fullness all this earth,
Unless thou know'st a higher birth.

THE LOST PUP.

I've lost my pup, have you seen him?
He's run away, boo-hoo, boo-hoo;
His body's sorter long and slim,
Maybe he's stole, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

His tail just stuck out straight behind,
Have you seen him? boo-hoo, boo-hoo;
He was a brin'le pup and kind,
Had lots o' sense, hoo-hoo, boo-hoo.

He jist ketched all the neighbors' chickens,
And frolicked round, boo-hoo, boo-hoo;
And cut up capers like the dickens,—
Say, where is he? boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

I wouldn't lose that pup for money,
He went that way? boo-hoo, boo-hoo.
If I don't ketch him it'll be funny,—
Goin' fast you say? boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

I reckon he knows where he's goin',
Gee-whiz, that pup, boo-hoo.
Gee-whiz, I say, there is no knowin'
What he will do, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

Yes, there he goes jist round the corner;
I'll ketch him quick, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.
And he's jist runnin' like all thunder,
He's got no sense, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

Come here, you fool, and stop your runnin',—
I'll try a stone, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.
I see him now a sorter shunnin',—
Come here, you fool, boo-hoo, boo-hoo.

I'll put this string right on your neck,
Go home blam'd quick, Gehaw, gehaw.
For money, no not for a peck
Would I sell him, Gehaw, gehaw.

MIGRATION OF THE FUR SEAL.

TWO THOUSAND miles away from home,
Yet thou wilt through the ocean roam,
Led on by knowledge of the deep
Which has been given thee to keep.

Thy fathers from the days of old
Have plied the waters, swimming bold,
Far through the ocean's trackless waste
To reach their home, a place of rest.

Thou art a mariner of skill,
With naught of compass thou dost sail;
Submerged beneath the waters' waste
Thou dost with knowledge homeward haste.

Such knowledge is too great for me;
An inward light sure guideth thee,
That homeward thou dost ply thy way
Through trackless waters many a day.

Thy home is on the rocky isles,
And yet thou swim'st two thousand miles
To reach the home where thou canst rear
Thy new-born young with naught of fear.

Thy love of freedom's born in thee,
For thou dost ply the boundless sea,
Uncurbed by naught except thy will
And love of home which does thee fill.

In order that thou mightst be free
Thou soughtst the islands of the sea,
A place that was of little worth
Far up within the icy north.

Where'er thou goest in the sea,
Thy rocky home still draweth thee;
With cords that reach out through the sea,
Thy home is ever bound to thee.

Although thou knowest fairer lands,
Thy longing heart forever stands
Amid the islands of the north,
And counts all else of little worth.

If to the rocks thy heart is bound,
Where should the heart of man be found?
While he is floating on life's sea
His home is in eternity.

His heartstrings reach beyond life's sea,
They're anchored in eternity.
Where'er upon the earth he roam
They draw him to the eternal home.

As onward man his journey goes,
The light within more brightly glows,
Until, at last, time's sea sailed o'er,
He lands upon the eternal shore.

RUM.

WHAT multitude is this I see
In want and rags and penury?
A multitude so sad and great,
What power on earth could this create?

This is the army rum has made,
The debt due rum in part they've paid.
For sake of man we'd shun the sight—
He careth not for human right.

No Waterloo brought such defeat,
No Gettysburg could this create.
'Twas man's dull sense and selfish greed
That has produced these rags and need.

See now this mighty suffering host,
Which has been in deep misery tossed.
In front of all lie rum's great slaves,
Who fast are falling in their graves.

There lie the husbands, fathers, sons,
Whom all except rum-seller shuns.
He holds out rum-glass in his hand
To those who know not how to stand.

Here stand the mothers in their tears
With hearts bowed down with deadly fears,
And hungry children cry for bread,
While scarcely crusts to them are fed.

Here lie the wrecks that rum has made,
Strong men lie prostrate, worse than dead;
Great souls within its grasp are held,
The strongest by its power are felled.

If rum's indictment were prepared,
It would be writ with ink of blood,
Mixed up with countless bitter tears
By children shed through many years.

What human words could then suffice
To paint the widow's helpless cries;
Her children robbed of their support
By men of cruel, callous heart.

Disease and death in every form,
To human life all kinds of harm;
Lying, theft and robbery,
Murder, incest, cruelty,

Poverty, rags, insanity,
Prisons, courts, adultery;
Feeble bodies, broken hearts,
Wretched wrecks in all their parts,

Souls that cry in dark distress,
Pitched in gulf of wretchedness;
Helpless in their hopeless grief,
Misery beyond belief.

Rum feedeth all the flames of hell,
It serveth hell's great purpose well;
It doth all evil passions fan,
It burneth all that's good in man.

No love it hath not oft destroyed,
All innocence it hath decoyed;
The brightest hopes hath dashed to ground,
All noblest sentiments hath drowned.

Thou devil strong, let loose from hell,
Which on the human race hath fell
Destruction and dark ruin brought,
Why dost thou come to earth unsought?

Is there no power to drive thee back?
Must man e'er suffer on thy rack?
Must desolation curse the land
Because of thy strong, cruel hand?

O God, we pray Thee, shed Thy light;
Arouse Thy people in their might,
That they may banish from the earth
This curse that gives all evil birth.

How dare we in a Christian land
Approach and in Thy presence stand
While we protect beneath our wing
This vile and cruel, cursed thing?

We press the serpent to our breast,
And pray that we may then be blest;
We kill our fellowmen for gain
And then praise God above the slain.

O God, arise in Thy great 'might,
And help this cruel giant smite,
Lest by his ever burning blight
We be consumed from out Thy sight.

When he is banished from the land,
On every mountain top will stand
Thy people, singing praise to Thee,
Rejoicing in Thy victory.

From every hill and vale shall rise
Thine altars looking to the skies,
On which will burn great sacrifice,
Which will be gracious to Thine eyes.

What mighty shouts will rend the air
From those who sit in dark despair;
Released from the destroyer's power
Their tears of gratitude they'll pour.

Such songs of triumph ne'er were heard,
As unto Thee will then be poured,
While echoing back from heaven again
Comes "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

You wise old man in the moon,
You're sometimes late and sometimes soon;
You always feel well in yourself,
For you have on your broadest laugh.

You are the oldest of all men,
No one your age can ever ken,
And yet you always smile up there
And seem to be quite free from care.

If you would speak you could tell more
Than even wisest sophomore;
You've circled round this earth for ages,
Have seen all history make its pages.

You saw the earth wrapped up in flame,
Beheld all water seething steam;
Saw steam condense and water fall
Till ocean swept deep over all.

When earth was all a watery waste,
When darkness all things overcast,
You saw the winds fierce warfare wage,
And heard the storms in chaos rage.

You smiled through rolling ages long,
While death on earth sang her dull song;
When sharpest sight of mortal ken
Could not have dreamed of living men.

You saw the Lord roll back the night,
And heard Him say, "Let there be light,"
And saw God's Spirit moving forth
And hovering over all the earth.

When living thing first had its birth,
Your eye was gazing on the earth;
You've seen each creature God has made
As age on age has onward sped.

Each creeping thing and flying bird,
Each kind of beast in flock and herd,
All that have roamed o'er earthly plain,
Or swimming bold have plied the main,

Have passed beneath thy wondering gaze,
As backward passed all new-born days.
When man rose up at God's command
And in his image forth did stand,

And took his place as ruling head
O'er things on earth, alive and dead,
You then rejoiced and laughed in glee
This mighty work of God to see.

As age on age has rolled along
You've seen the race, a moving throng,
Pass through the shadows and the light,
Through brightest day and darkest night.

You've seen the nations rise and fall,—
Spring into life at God's own call,
Then pass away from mortal sight
Into the one dark, unknown night.

All tribes and tongues have come and gone
Beneath thy gaze, a mighty throng,—
The savage in his low estate,
The wisest sage, the proud, the great,
The poor and rich, the halt and lame,
Each with his burden slowly came,
And passed in the procession long
Amid the countless pressing throng.

What deeds of darkness hast thou seen
Of cruelty and mortal pain,
Of torture and of hellish deed,
What crimes on which the devils feed!

Hearts crushed beneath the tyrant's heel,
Dark bloody hands that loved to kill,
Great savage monsters who have slain,
And yet their hearts have felt no pain.

But still you smile with your broad grin
As if you'd laugh at human pain;
Of human woe would you make light,
Or do you laugh because 'tis right?

Behold thou seest day and night,
The earth is dark and also light,
Thou seest well ten thousand things
That ever pull at thy heart-strings.

Along with deeds of darkest night
Thou seest many a beauteous sight;
Good deeds of mercy and of love
Inspired in hearts by heaven above.

Thou hast seen mother-heart beat warm
And shield her offspring from all harm.
Without this love no life could stand,
All life would fail in every land.

Through weary day and sleepless night
Great mother-love has fought the fight
Against disease and every foe
Which would the human race o'erthrow.

And so amid the blackest pall
God let's His benediction fall,
Love shineth through the darkest night
And blesseth all with heavenly light.

O man in moon, tell what will be
The end of all things which we see.
Where flow the tides that sweep the earth?
Will mortal man have higher birth?

O human joy and human pain,
So mingled in the life of man,
We often wonder what all means,
But heaven still the mystery screens.

INFINITY.

HOW POWERLESS is the mind of man
The boundless universe to scan.
It goeth forth on wings of thought
To search if space doth end in naught.

All weary in its mortal flight,
It finds no bounds on which to light.
It falls in weakness back to earth,
And then again it goeth forth

And wanders on from star to star
Through trackless space, but finds no shore
On which to rest its weary feet,—
It halteth then in sore defeat.

It reacheth soon the farthest bound
Where its weak power then walleth round
With shoreless darkness all beyond
The regions bright which it hath found.

Through boundless regions it doth roam,
But, like the dove, returneth home
For shelter and for rest at last,—
Through endless space it hath not passed.

Infinity defeats the soul,
It hath no power to reach the goal
Which God hath placed beyond the sea
That filleth all immensity.

We're hedged around by God's own hand,
We're now confined to narrow land.
The universe beyond doth stand,
But we must tread this mortal land.

O God, our souls cry out for Thee,
They would search out infinity.
And thus we know they are from Thee,
For Thou dost know infinity.

Our souls e'er sit and groan in chains;
They pant to know what yet remains
In the vast fields of Thy domains,
Where God Eternal lives and reigns.

God meteth out the orb for sun,
And orb in which the soul may run.
Each one returneth to its place
And then anew begins its race.

The veils hang thick before our eyes;
They are not thick viewed from the skies;
Some day the veils will quickly rise,
Then we shall see all through the skies.

God trains our souls for larger place,
They labor now in days of grace,
Expecting greater things to know
As in their stature they shall grow.

We fret within our mortal cage,
Awaiting great oncoming age;
We beat against the bars in vain,
Which sadly do our souls restrain.

We seek to know Eternal God,
We try to tread where He has trod;
For Him our spirits ever yearn,
For Him our hearts within us burn.

O God, what means this anxious self
That seeketh Thy eternal wealth?
Why burn the flames within the soul?
Why seek we yet some other goal?

We build our little houses here,
We live in smoky atmosphere.
The soul is laden sore with pelf,
That shutteth out eternal wealth.

The mountain peaks stand high beyond,
On which the hopes of souls are found.
We wander in the mists below,
The upper lands we do not know.

Our wings grow weary in their flight,
We settle down to rest in night.
We never reach the mountain height
Where shines undimmed the whitest light.

We always look through mist and haze,
And thus we slowly drag our days.
Our souls oft mope in saddest plight,
We often know not wrong from right.

O Lord, we have no strength to rise
And mount into the upper skies.
We naught can do but stand below,
And wait the appointed time to go.

We hope some greater land to gain,
We trust that hope may not be vain.
Our hope and faith and yearnings all,
Are but responses to Thy call.

We hear the voice of God within,
It pierceth through the earthly din,
It cometh as the still small voice,
And speaketh things in words most choice.

All things that are begin in God;
He plants the soul in earthly clod,
He watches it with tender care,
Awaiting it rich fruit to bear.

The soul doth seek to see His face,
It striveth for a better place.
It ever trusteth in God's grace,
And runs in hope its earthly race.

THE SILK-WORM.

THE silk-worm weaves from out himself,
From his accumulated wealth,
A house that shields him from the storm,
And through the winter keeps him warm.

Through many a day he eateth food,
And storeth up for future good.
He knows emergency will come,
When he shall need a good warm home.

He sees that summer cannot last,
That winter cometh on in haste;
He sees with true prophetic eye
What time will bring as it flows by.

His life he spends for home at last,
All else by him to winds is cast;
From earliest day of youth to age,
He worketh as prophetic sage.

With daintiest thread drawn out of self
He weaves his house of silken wealth.
The outward wall makes strong and firm,
While in between weaves soft and warm.

He closes up himself within,
And leaves no door for wind or rain.
He stretches out himself in sleep,
And waiteth winter's onward creep.

The winter's past, the spring has come,
The leaves have grown by glowing sun;
The silk-worm wakes from out his sleep,
And from his winter home doth creep.

But see! he is no longer worm,
He has abandoned his old form,
And now he soars on beauteous wing,
Swift through the air, a flying thing.

Behold, an angel while he slept
Into his silken house hath crept,
And shaped his substance with her hand,
Thus making wings to fly o'er land.

Thy labors here are not the end,
They only show the forward trend.
Thy works are all stored up in thee,
And speak of better self to be.

The soul may build a future home
To which at last it safe may come;
The body slumbering in the dust
Shall soar in life among the just.

THE OLD GATE.

THAT old front gate creaks on its hinges;
It swags at sides, as gates oft do,
Its creaking gives me oft the cringes
When wide I push it to go through.

That gate is old, made long ago,
It needs new paint, and all parts new;
How old it is I do not know,
'Twas old when first I passed it through.

I sometimes think its creaking sounds
As if it tried aloud to speak;
And then again it just reminds
Me that it only wants to squeak.

What stories could that old gate tell
If it had tongue to speak aloud,
It knows a hundred things full well
That time in mystery doth shroud.

Its ears are crowded full of tales
That in them fell full late at night,
But for those times it hath no wails,—
Its stories would be smack and bright.

It stands as sacred parting wall
'Twixt lad that's shy and lass that's coy,
While darkness hovered over all
Naught could their cooing bliss destroy.

Its swag hath come by honest means
From elbows pressing on its top,
When late at night they took new liens
Because they knew not how to stop.

The gate has done its duty well,
It held up bravely under stress;
Its secret tales it will not tell,
Nor can you make it e'er confess.

If gates stand up in judgment day
Against belated lad and lass,
They'll have some sweet, good things to say,
But they will not exclaim alas!

TOIL.

WHY look on toil of human race
As if it marked some deep disgrace?
What's muscle for if not to work?
If muscle's bad, then make it cork.

One hundred pounds of muscle strong
Fixed firm to bones both flat and long,
With fat for fuel placed in store,
By brain and nerves presided o'er—

This engine is for work indeed,
To be e'er run at good round speed.
God's engines all should draw good loads
And do their work upon His roads.

If muscle, then, is made for work,
Why doth it from its duty shirk?
If work by some one must be done,
Why not just make your engine run?

If work you do, let it be good,
Just earn your clothing and your food.
Is it great honor to sit down,
Or just go loafing round the town,

While others work that you may eat,
And you return as a dead-beat,
And by your conduct daily cheat
And thus secure your own defeat?

What for your mind if not to think?
Must life be only meat and drink?
If so, then throw your mind away,
And with the beasts go spend your day.

If mind's to think, then think good thought,
Waste not thy mind on things for naught,
Help lift mankind to higher place
That it may better run its race.

Thy mind and muscle in the strife
Can save thyself and other life.
Why let thy mind and body rust
While thou sit'st groveling in the dust?

Why stand'st thou still while others fight?
God calleth thee to use thy might,
Thy powers are naught except for use,
Why wilt thou then God's work refuse?

OCTOBER.

THE wondrous glory of the dying year
Is mantling wooded hill and jutting crag.
Far up the mountain side and deep within
The gorge the clinging trees are richly robed
In all the hues of autumn's gorgeous dyes.
The oaks are crowding high the rugged steeps,
Clothed in tints of scarlet, brown and green;
While here and there upon the slopes, black
gums

Blaze bright and warm with glowing crimson
light.

Upon the hills and scattered o'er the plains
The sugar-trees, decked in richest tints and
Brightest hues of scarlet, yellow, rose and green,
Make light of death and funeral robes, and
speak

Of glory yet on earth to be revealed.
The humble sumac glows with fervor on
Forsaken ground where other growths have
failed.

Along the banks of yonder winding creek
The sycamores, now shorn of summer's robes,
Lift high their long and ghostly suppliant arms.
Deep down between its steep and dizzy banks
Through winding gorge the silent river flows,
While smiling o'er its brink on rock and crag,
Wherever soil can rest, stand rooted, trees
Of smaller growth, their foliage set on fire
With many-colored tints, by nipping frosts.
October's sun pours in his morning rays
Upon the quiet scene, and lights the mist
That fills the gorge above the winding stream.
His wondrous light is flashed by shrub and tree
From rocky steeps above the river's brink.
The breezes scatter wide the ripened leaves
And blanket life in earth from winter's blasts.
The many songsters of the woods have flown.
The blackbirds, gathering for their southward
flight,

Unite in choirs immense at morn and eve

And sing the praises of the summer past.
 The cattle graze upon the gentle slopes;
 The ripening corn still stands within the fields;
 The lambs grow thickening coats for winter's
 cold;

The timid hare creeps forth at night in search
 Of food and trembles at the thought of harm.
 October sends her biting frosts and blasts,
 And all the gorgeous robes which glorified
 The dying year change fast to funeral brown.
 By lavish splendor thus doth ebbing life
 Praise coming death, and speak of life to be.
 Death glorified by wealth of beauty sings
 The song of triumph for returning life.

OLD BILL.

I HAD an old horse, his name was Old Bill,
 In sunshine and storm o'er valley and hill,
 Through mud and through mire, his muscles and
 bones

Had bore me right on, and over the stones.

In the region all round no critter was found
 That could match Old Bill in climen the ground,
 He loped like a cradle, he paced and he walked—
 Wherever I tried him he never had balked.
 He trotted right easy, was tender of bit,
 He never did shy, but was easy to sit;
 He always was fat and no trouble to keep,

So his board and his vittels was always right
cheap.

But hold on, as I mind me, I'd here like to say,
That he had more good sense than most men any
day.

The things what he know'd and things what he
done

Can never be matched jist under the sun.

Old Bill had a heart as well as a mind,
I'm sure that he loved us, for he always was kind.
He'd hanker around any hour of the day,
And he'd fret and he'd nicker when I went away.

This one little fact will help you to know
How Old Bill and me had an understanden or
two.

One evenen rather late,—it was early in May,—
As homeward I rid from the log-rollen of Clay,

I was janten along through the woods on Old
Bill,

And jist as he made a quick turn up the hill,
All unknown to myself, and, without any will,
I come down by a stump in the road, on a spill.

But this suddent fall was no fault of Old Bill,
Nor yet could I honest lay blame on the hill.
The fact is that at Clay's the stone jug had been
round,

And in tasten the critter too much bliss I had
found.

But never so ever whomever's to blame,
 My story when told will jist be the same.
 How acted Old Bill as I sprawled in sich plight?
 Did he, like an old fool, suddent take fright

And go snorten away and leave me alone,
 That best as I could I might find my way home?
 You bet he did not; he done no sich mean trick,
 He stood stark still as if he knowd I was sick.

He come up and put his nose close down to my
 head,
 As if somethen important he thunk orter be said,
 He fumbled my coat-sleeve, and quiet he stood,
 And then he jist nickered as loud as he could.

Like he felt in distress his voice shuck the air,
 To let Polly at home know that I needed care;
 I laid there a coolen till airly next day,
 When I straddled Old Bill and janted away.

When I santered up home the roosters was
 crowen,
 From which fact I could tell that daylight was
 comen;
 I pulled on the latch-string right easy with care,
 So if Polly was sleepen she never would hear.

I crep to the fireplace and sot in a chair,
 I grabbed up the poker and punched up the fire,
 And when Polly, a snoozen, began to inquire,
 I told her I'd jist riz to punch up the fire.

But I've wandered in mind from the story I'd
tell.

I jist told the small accident I had befell,—
That in counten up sense and choosen a part,
You would reckon that Old Bill was ever so
smart.

But Old Bill he got weak and stiff in his jints,
His backbone it stuck up and made many pints,
His teeth they got so he couldn't bite off the corn,
I chunked up the stable to keep him more warm.

I chopped up his hay, mixed meal with his bran,
Intenden my treatment to be sich as a man
Whose horse had stood by him through thick and
through thin,
Should always and ever and orter have been.

When the grass in the paster got to growen and
green,

Old Bill I put in with the colts that I'd wean,
So that as they'd eat and their bodies would grow
He'd fill up with grass and his sperets renew.

Now comes the main pint of what I would say,
As I sot on the fence of the paster one day
Bob Jones come a janten down past that way,
And he acted as if he had somethen to say.

Sez I to Bob Jones, jist speak out yer mind,—
For I was anxious to hear and his purpose to
find.

Then listen his right hand he pinte at Old Bill
And yelped "Yer orter that old horse to kill.

“It ain’t economic sich a critter to keep,
He’s a wasten more grass than a dozen of sheep.
He’s a burnen disgrace to this whole naberhood,
And yer ortent to keep him if even you could.”

When them words I had heerd both my blood and
my bile

Begun in my wuzen to froth and to rile;
Right off’n that fence I tumbl’d blam’d quick,
And I fumbled all round for a stone or a brick.

But while I was searchen and hunten around,
His mare skipped away with a jump and a bound,
Swift down the big road she carried his bones,
And that was the last that I seed of Bob Jones.

In the evenen, at night, when I told Polly Ann
What Jones he had said and how he had ran,
With fire in her eyes too flashy to tell,
She suddenly remarked, “He’s a gwyen to hell.”

Sez I to Polly Ann, “I guess you spoke well,
For it looks mighty plain that he’s runnen for
hell,

His chances for heaven are sickly and few,
Old Bill will outrun him for heaven, I know.”

If when I reach heaven, as I hope to some day,
And when we look round—both Polly and me,—
If Old Bill ken spy us from his good paster land,
Right up he’ll come runnen and by us both stand.

I CANNOT ANSWER TO-DAY.

THE question you ask is old indeed,
But I cannot answer to-day;
That a woman should pledge her all to a man
Is a matter that claims some delay.

The ships sail forth on the wide, wide sea,
They trust that the breezes will blow,
With chart and with compass right boldly they
sail,
For with these their course they wel. know.

But where is the chart of a human mind?
What compass can point to its goal?
Or who knows the ways of the heart of man,
Or the path of a human soul?

Two ships may sail on the wide, wide sea,
And may hail for many a day,
But the storm may come and sweep them apart,
So they sail from each other away.

Two souls may start on the shining path,
Two hearts throb warmly as one,
But who can tell what the end will be
If the clouds shall darken the sun?

THE SOUL AND INFINITY.

As speck of conscious dust I move upon
The shores of time and bide what yet awaits.
I stand and gaze into the voiceless depths,
I face the infinity towards which I move
And wonder what it holds in secret store.
Sometimes I fain would turn my footsteps back
And tread the well-worn and familiar paths
To give my steps more firm and steady gait.
Walled in by infinity, speechless I move,
Borne on forever to the boundless gulf,
Dazed and o'erwhelmed by the infinite unseen.
My soul is weak to bear what presses in
From heights and depths that reach eternity.
The infinite seeks entrance in my soul
And fills me with dumb awe and wonderment;
Too great it is for mortal mind to hold.
My fragile bark, a mote, is launched upon
A shoreless sea. It moves in silence on.
The powers that be e'er search me out
And fill my flickering sail with onward breeze.
On, on I float, till landmarks on the shores
Of time grow dim; the sunset's crimson glow
Fades slowly from the view; the veil of flesh
Is lifted from the soul; the light breaks in
From radiant shores beyond, and then begins
The jubilee that knows no end in heaven.

THE SPARROW.

A SPARROW struggled high o'erhead
To loose its feet from tangled thread
That hung suspended from the wall
Which reached in air far over all.

The passing multitude beheld
The struggling bird that fast was held,
And quickly did all busy feet
Stand still upon the crowded street.

All eyes were fixed upon the bird,
Dead silence reigned, no voice was heard,
Strong hearts in sympathy did beat
In men who gazed up from the street.

The sparrow struggled strong and brave
Until the threads its freedom gave,
Then breathless silence changed to cheers
While from some eyes fell grateful tears.

If hearts thus beat for sparrows small,
How should they leap for man whose fall
Has chained his soul in dark despair
So that he gasps for living air!

THE UNIVERSE.

BYOND where human eye can see
Space stretches out a boundless sea,
The countless stars that move on high
Keep constant watch with sleepless eye.

God's universe doth stretch afar,
It comprehendeth every star
That floats aloft in endless space,
Each moving in its proper place.

No man hath numbered every star;
The telescope doth look afar
And countless stars bring into view
Which mortal vision never knew.

No eye but God's hath seen them all,
He maketh each to rise and fall,
They come and go beneath His view,
He doth their failing strength renew.

They circle round through endless days,
And in their glory brightly blaze;
They sing to God eternal praise
While angels watch in deep amaze.

Star calleth unto distant star,
They join their voices from afar;
To God their songs they ever pour
And circle round Him evermore.

Their chorus loud doth ever rise
As they sweep circling through the skies,
And thus the music of the spheres
Ascends to God through endless years.

Forever in their broad domain
They sweep along, an endless train,
And shed their glory through the years
To dark and needy distant spheres.

Each star that shines is blazing sun
Which giveth light to worlds unknown.
What countless planets must there be
If stars are suns by which they see.

If worlds are peopled like this earth,
What countless millions have had birth
Since time began her forward flight
And God put forth creative might.

All living souls are God's great wealth,
He maketh them to praise Himself.
If souls are in God's image here,
Why not such souls on distant sphere?

God seeketh things of greatest worth,
And so in man the soul has birth—
God's image made by His own will
His every purpose doth fulfill.

God peopleth earth and worlds on high
With souls that praise Him as they fly,—
All worlds and souls, a countless throng,
Join in one universal song.

In joy they circle round God's throne,
Acknowledge Him as God alone,
And while they haste through space above
They sing of His redeeming love.

And so through everlasting age
With all their powers they will engage
In songs of praise to Him alone
Who sits upon the eternal throne.

IN THE WOODS.

OUT in the wild-wood
In the month of May,
In the generous shade
Of a beech tree I lay.

The gray squirrel chuckled
On the old oak tree;
He sat on a knot
And chuckled at me.

He ran out on a limb
And sprang through the air,
Falling short of his aim,
He came down with a whir.

He lit on his feet,
Somewhat he was dazed,
Up he soon scrambled,
I hollowed and chased.

He ran quickly up
To the top of the tree,
And then he no more
Did chuckle at me.

The chipmunk crept out
From his hole in the ground,
And then he ran peeping
And prying around.

He saw me sitting
By the old beech tree,
And he wobbled and bobbed
Close up to me.

I snapped my finger
And away he flew,
He soon stopped again
To make a review.

He frisked and he frolicked,
He ran fast, he stopped short,
He twisted, he twirled,
He crept in and crept out,

All the while peeping
And bobbing and creeping.
He kept himself busy
And made me quite dizzy.

A rabbit came loping
Along the wild path,
I whistled right sweetly
To help make him laugh.

He stopp'd from his gallop
And pricked up his ears.
He sat on his haunches
Without any fears.

I whistled more sweetly
Than ever before;
He stood on his haunches
Straight up in the air.

He saw me and looked
A little confused;
I laughed at him lightly
And was only amused.

When he saw me laughing,
He hied quickly away,
While I quite politely
Urged him to stay.

A raccoon lay sunning
High up in a tree;
He was too lazy
To bother with me.

He looked very coony
As he lay there above;
I let him alone
Out of pure love.

A red bird sat whistling
Deep in the copse,
Now blithely he whistles
And then his voice drops;

He whistles so sweetly,
So plaintive and low,
It seems out of Paradise
Gently to flow.

Oh, bird of bright plumage
And bird of sweet song,
May thy lot be happy
And thy life be long.

A brown thrush sat singing
Up over the spring,
His notes were so flowing
And the song he did sing

Was so sweet and so liquid,
So clear and so strong,
That like the spring water
It came bubbling along,

Up out of his heart
Free and unbidden,
It flowed from the fount
In which it was hidden.

Thy wealth of sweet song,
Thy bounty of praise,
Make thee a choice minstrel
To sing heaven's own lays.

Two jay-birds were quar'ling
Overhead in the tree;
They squeaked and they squawked
In devilish glee.

Old scolds, as they were,
 They squabbled so long,
 That my muse, quite disgusted,
 Quit singing her song.

Oh, give me the wild-wood
 In the fresh month of May,
 When the birds are all singing
 And are happy and gay.

When the trees are all new
 In their garments of green,
 Where the squirrel and chipmunk
 Can ever be seen.

As for noisy jay-birds,
 Who carry sulphur to hell,
 They serve the good purpose
 To break up my spell.

THE WEAK ARE DEVoured BY THE STRONG.

O WHO shall right the wrongs of men?
 The Christ stands pleading in vain—
 Wherever the sun shines on this world
 The weak by the strong are slain.

Two cents for an apron, six cents for a shirt,
 The widow bends over her work;
 Her children in rags and nibbling a crust,
 She labors from dawn until dark.

Pent up in a tenement eight by ten,
Foul air and dribblings of light,
God's oceans of blessings free for all,
To them have they no right?

Her life ebbs out in murdering toil
That the children may draw their breath;
They live as beasts in dens of the earth,
And swiftly they hasten to death.

God's broad green earth spreads far and wide,
And God is reigning supreme;
He is flooding the world with air and light,
And seeking all life to redeem.

Oh, who is crowding the poor to death,
And who has been deaf to their cry?
Who metes out to them the darkness and stench
That they soon sicken and die?

Who robs the widow of wages earned?
Who drinks the orphan's blood?
Who withholds from them the blessings of God,
Which he sends as a mighty flood?

God burst wide open the dens of the poor,
Pour in thy air and thy light,
God pour thy Spirit in the hearts of men,
That there it may strive with its might.

If I could utter a prayer to Thee
That the answer might surely come,
All day and night my prayer would be,
That the poor might have a home.

All day and night my prayer would be
That men might be more just,
That Christ might reign in the hearts of men,
And that all in Him might trust.

THE LORD'S FEAST.

THE Lord for man once made a feast,
Invited all, both great and least,
The holy angels stood above
And served the bounties of God's love.

The human race stood wide around,
Most closely crowded on the ground;
The lame and halt and poor were there,
The leper in his dark despair.

The widow and the orphan stood
To catch some blessing if they could;
The sick on cots were brought and lay
To share the blessings of the day.

Babes nursed at the poor widow's breast,
And other babes that seemed a pest;
There stood the blind with open hand,
And poor outcasts from every land.

The proud stood up in his estate,
And those bowed down with sorrow's weight;
The rich stood jostling with the poor,
As all did wait at heaven's door.

Among the throng, and rising high,
Their heads far reaching in the sky,
The giants stood with upstretched hands
Among the people of all lands.

The Lord had giants well endowed
To scatter food among the crowd
Of humble, sick, and weak and poor,
As it was thrown from Heaven's door.

So all stood beggars at God's door,—
And we are beggars evermore,—
Each hungry one did lift his hand,
And, waiting for God's food, did stand.

The doors of Heaven open flew,
God's angels down the blessings threw;
The giants standing very high
Caught all big loaves as they did fly,

And quickly tucked them in a sack
Which each had brought upon his back.
The poor and hungry cried aloud,
And some did loudly curse their God,

Because the giants did not give
The heaven-sent loaves that they might live.
In feeble hands some crumbs did fall,
For giants could not catch them all.

The sick and feeble cried in vain,
And many were by hunger slain;
The lame and blind no loaves did catch,
For giants tall they were no match.

And so of the guests whom God had bid
To come and feast upon His bread,
All whom His loaves would well have fed,
Some cursed their God and fell down dead.

The giants strided swift away,
And locked the loaves with triple key,
Then they did count them o'er and o'er,
And as they counted chuckled more.

O giants of the human race,
God putteth you in your great place
With brawn of arm and strength of brain
To scatter blessings he doth rain.

He showereth not to hoard in store,
For each new day he sendeth more;
Make not God's people starve for bread
Because thou towerest overhead.

His blessings are enough for all,
His people to Him daily call,
For Christ's sake let the blessings fall
Which God is pouring down for all.

Pour out some loaves from out thy sack,
Or else suspended from thy neck
A weight like millstones they will be
To sink thy soul in God's black sea.

The strong are stewards for God's poor,
While all are beggars at His door;
If God should shut the doors of Heaven
Then no more blessings would be given.

The loaves are naught unless they give
Food to the hungry that they live;
All else on earth is little worth,
Save noble souls of noble birth.

God grant more rich of noble mind
May rise on earth to serve their kind,
That on their pelf their souls may stand
To scatter with a loving hand.

For most part now pelf stands on self,
But help, O Lord, put self on pelf,
That man may know that souls of men
Are of more worth than pigs in pen.

We live and die as do the swine,
Our greatest hope is just to dine;
To eat and drink are life's great work,
And then we pass out in the dark.

O God, what can I say to Thee?
I know full well I'd rather be
A beggar lying at the door
And numbered with Thy poorest poor

Than seize the bounties of Thy hand
Which Thou art showering o'er the land,
And hoard them up in selfish store,
When all around are starving poor.

THE TOAD.

SPEAK out your mind and tell me why
You live upon this earth.
You sit upon your haunches wide,
You spraddle out your feet,
You sit for hours and wink and blink
With eyes of golden sheen.
You pride yourself upon your skin
Of cold and clammy warts.
Maybe you've turned philosopher,
And know the reasons why.
Perhaps you've wrung from nature's heart
The secret she would keep,
Or else you've stolen from her brain
Her reasons dark and deep.
If so pray tell what means this world
And all the things therein?
Thy mouth is broad for fluent speech,
Thy lungs are big for air,
Thy tongue can move with lightning speed—
Art thou an orator?
Thy skull is wide for breadth of view,
Thy brain is cool and calm,
No doubt thou'st reasoned all things out,
And know'st the utmost why.
Come tell me, now, and don't delay,
What means this mortal life?
Once more he winked and twice he blinked,

And then he hopped and jumped.
Again I followed up and asked,
What means the mystery dim?
Thou'st had thine ear close to the earth,
And listened long and well,
Come, speak the riddle out to me
For surely thou canst tell.
Again he hopped and winked and jumped
And blinked, but answered not.
I stood in awe but still pursued
Determined all to know.
From hops and jumps and winks and blinks,
I spelled his meaning out.
Thus ran the thinking of his mind,
In brief and simple words,
"To thought I ever give my mind
But silent sits my tongue,
And thus to meditation's given
The seal of highest heaven.
When thou dost look upon this earth
And would the mystery know,
Hold fast thy noisy, prattling tongue
And use thy wondrous mind."

THE OLD MILL.

IN the olden time there stood a mill
On the bank of a sparkling stream,
The water turned its creaking wheel
In the days before there was steam.

Its drowsy hum crept through the air
And was borne by the breeze away;
Its creaking stones seemed in despair
From the task that before them lay.

It served the weal of the neighborhood,
For many a mouth it fed,
Its wheels were turned for the common good,
As often I've heard it said.

The farmers came from miles around
With grists for the mill to grind,
And they rejoiced at the whirring sound
For it gave good cheer to find

That there was water above the dam
To keep the mill a running,
And so it made their minds grow calm
To know that they'd get their grinding.

Seated upon the horse's back
Came the barefooted, coatless lad,
Beneath him lay the well-filled sack,—
And the boy was silent and sad.

Away from the cabin he came that day,
Where his help was sadly needed,
For he had of late become the stay,
In a place which death had deeded.

Bill Grimes drove up with his oxen red,
He called them Buck and Berry;
They drew behind them an old-fashioned sled—
He whistled and sang right merry.

The miller wore a smiling face
And greeted each one with a cheer;
He gave to each grist its proper place
In which it would sometime appear.

With watchful eye and skillful hand
He ground the corn to meal,
And then he slipped the moving band
And ground the wheat for weal.

From early morn till late at night
The splashing wheel turned round;
The miller worked with patient might,
And the stones forever ground.

The miller has gone with his smiling face,
And the mill has passed away;
The miller served with right good grace,
And the mill fulfilled its day.

The flowing water worked with grace,—
By falling it turned the wheel;
Without the water there'd have been no place
For either the miller or mill.

We stand as mill and miller to grind
When the moving power is given;
The power to do we never can find
Except as it flows from Heaven.

Let each man grind an honest grist
With the power which flows through him,
Thereby he will serve the loving Christ,
And his peace will find in Him.

THE RABBIT.

THOU timid, nimble creature,
Hopping lightly o'er the plain,
Thou show'st in ev'ry feature
That thou greatly fearest pain.

Thou art hunted without mercy
By man and beast of prey;
Thou trustest e'er thy flying feet
To carry thee away.

Thou seek'st the friendly brier patch
To shelter thee from harm,
And mak'st the grass thy humble thatch,
To shield from winter's storm.

Thou dost sit and cower and tremble
When thou hearest danger's sound;
And oft-times well dissemble
When thou crouchest on the ground.

And when the foe has forced thee
From out thy hiding place,
Thou boundest lightly o'er the earth
With swiftly flying grace.

Thy frugal meal is tender herbs,
Thy drink is morning dew,
And when thou art by hunger pressed
Thou dost the green bark chew. .

Thy life is kind and gentle,
Thou doest no one harm,
Thy mind is free from envy,
Thy heart is ever warm.

And yet with all thy gentle grace,
In all this world so wide,
There seems to be no resting-place
In peace for thee to bide.

O that some truce were granted
By those who work thee harm;
If thy soul could be transplanted
Into them, 'twould work reform.

Better live on herbs and foliage,
Better chew the tender bark,
Than to slay thy gentle neighbors,
Who may chance to be thy mark.

ONLY A SLUM BOY.

ONLY a slum boy, sir,
Who often does occur.
He's dressed in filthy rags,
He goes with old vile hags.

He smokes old stump cigars,
With every breath he swears;
He eats the apple cores,
He says he'd like some chores.

He ever lies and steals,
His body sometimes reels,
He loves not God nor men,
He's on his way to "pen."

He knows alone such right
As he has gained by fight.
No dream of charity,
He sees disparity.

In vileness he is bad,
In all his make-up sad,
In ignorance complete,
And full of all deceit.

A waif cast up by sea
Of great humanity.
A gamin of the street,
Of life most incomplete.

He knows no mother's love,
He knows no Heaven above;
His soul's a desert waste,
He lives as does the beast.

He sees great churches rise,
Whose tall spires pierce the skies,
Where paid choirs loudly sing
To Christ the loving King.

He sees stone mansion walls
Whose inner gilded halls
Are crowded with earth's wealth,
And then he creeps by stealth

To find his place of rest;
He searches out the best,
In corner by ash-barrel,
Where sleeping cur doth snarl.

The night is cold and long,
The wind blows damp and strong.
He shivers and he sighs,
He calls aloud and cries.

Though footsteps near him fall,
No one doth answer call;
His body groweth numb,
And then his soul is dumb.

They say he's "only skum,"
That death sweeps from the slum.
Thus they their souls relieve,
And would themselves believe.

Is there no God on high
To hear the slum-boy's cry?
Is there no heart to feel
And draw him from the heel

That grindeth him to death
By side of boundless wealth?
The revelry and song
Far into night prolong.

The dancing and the wine,
The flowing robes so fine,
The diamonds sparkling fair
And many jewels rare,

Are gods they worship now
And to them pay their vow.
The slum boy lives and dies,
They never hear his cries.

Men are bound up in self,
Their souls so chained to pelf
That human souls are naught
Compared to what is bought.

It seemeth hardly fair,
That slum boy in despair,
With none of human kind
To lend a helping mind,

Should pass in darkness out,
While those who sing and shout
And worship in fine way
Should have eternal day.

If slum boy stands in night,
Then he will curse and bite
The men who by their might
Trod underfoot his right.

God's blessings shower for all,
If greater blessings fall
Into thy hands, then give
That those who starve may live.

In that great day, when all
Shall answer final call,
Slum boy will stand and say,
“They just drove me away,

“I did not have a chance
With them that sing and dance;
They left me in the lurch
Who sang in the big church.

“I could not have a thing
'Cause they did only sing.
They would naught for me do
Who sat in the fine pew.”

TALK WITH YOUR EYES, MY LOVE.

O TALK to me with your eyes, my love,
So sparkling, so clear and so bright;
As blue as the azure vault above—
Just talk with your eyes to-night.

I will listen, my love, while you speak to me,
No word shall escape my lips;
My soul shall feast on the message sent
As the bee on the nectar sips.

O sing me a song with your sparkling eyes,
Sing sweetly the old, old song
That flowed from your eyes in the days gone by,
And my heart will their music prolong.

With eyes that twinkle as the stars of night,
That laugh as the running brook,
That beam from a face that blooms as the rose—
Bless me once more with a look.

Come, speak to me, love, with laughing eyes,
With a look as in days of yore,
That I may go far away in peace,
And see your face evermore.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

THE whirlpool roars in its thirsty rage,
It drinks from afar the waters that flow;
Down deep in its throat a tumultuous roar—
Its appetite never ceases to grow.

The winds are borne inward by whirling and
swirl,
And sadly they moan in their prison below—
The living shriek madly as in terror they whirl,
And downward to death most swiftly they go.

The whirlpool roars in the haunts of men;
Its breath is drawn inward from distances
wide,
And wildly it runs in its inward flow
As it bears fair youth on its rushing tide.

The death-dance grows in its giddy whirl,
And dazzles all eyes by its magic flight;
Forever they're drawn by its raging power,
And swiftly they sink in the darkness of night.

The whirlpool yawns for the souls of men
Who stand entranced on its tragic brink,
Till inward they fall and downward they go
While thinking of naught and powerless to
think.

SOME DAY.

SOME day my heart shall grow weary,
And its labors on earth shall then cease;
It shall sit in its silent chamber
When the years shall have brought its release.

O heart of my life thou hast loved me,
Thou hast labored so long and so well;
Thou hast wrought through long years that have
faded,
While millions grew weary and fell.

In the slumbers of night thou hast kept me
By throbbing e'er constant and true;
Through sunshine and shadow most faithful
My life thou didst ever renew.

O heart, thy great day is approaching
When to thee shall be given sweet rest;
Thy labors on earth shall be ended,
And thy home shall then be with the blest.

MY GIRL IN DIXIE.

THERE'S a girl who lives in fair Dixie,
Who has stolen my heart away;
She's the fairest the sun ever shone on,
And as bright as a morning in May.

Her eyes are more sparkling than dewdrops,
They shine as the stars in the sky;
Her teeth are like pearls from the ocean—
For her I would live and would die.

She skips as the lamb in the springtime;
She sings as the mocking-bird sweet;
Her cheeks are dimpled with beauty,
And her heart is all free from deceit.

Her laughter comes rippling like water
That flows from the bubbling springs;
Her words are as gentle as zephyrs
That are fanned from the angels' wings.

I love her most dearly, most truly,
The girl in fair Dixie land;
My heart and my hand I would give her,
And by her forever would stand.

SING NOT OF THAT WHICH FADETH.

SING not of the flowers that have faded,
Nor of leaves that are withered and dead;
Sing not of the dying embers,
Nor of summer that long since fled.

Sing not of the coming winter,
Nor of night that draweth nigh;
Sing not of the hopes that have perished,
Nor of those who weep and cry.

Sing not of the flowing waters,
Nor yet of the ebbing tide;
Sing not of the glowing sunset,
Nor of things that cannot abide.

But tune thy voice to the glory
Of God's eternal day;
Inspire my heart with the story
That fadeth not away.

Tune well thy harp for the ages,
That it may join the song;
That it may make sweetest music,
While God shall the ages prolong.

GOD OVER ALL.

A FEW days of laughing,
A few days of weeping,
A few days of hoping,
A few days of fearing,
Then we lie in the dust;
But still God is just.

Now we work gladly,
Then we weep sadly;
Sometimes we go plodding,
Then we go rushing,
Till into the grave we fall;
God over all, and under the pall.

The madness of pleasure
We seek without measure,
Scarce stopping to think
Till we stand on the brink,
Then a plunge and the end;
O God, thy mercy lend.

In the fever of life,
Its turmoils and strife,
Our souls are sawn,
And we are then drawn
Into the great black gulf;
God help us enough.

O what can it mean?
This life seems so lean,
Our best hopes are fraught

With things that prove naught;
We stumble in the night;
Lord lend us thy light.

We see God's star rise
In the eastern skies.
Some day it will stand
Over all of God's land;
Into thy heart it may shine;
Lord, make its light mine.
God's star shone most bright
From on Calvary's height,
While the sun hid his face
At the hellish disgrace
That would quench God's own light;
God's love is his might.

God's love is his might,
It doeth things right,
And though our short sight
May think it a smite,
His love is his light
Which dispelleth our night.

Through suffering great
We reach our estate;
Through the darkness of night
We push to the light,
Where the sunshine plays
Through the endless days.

FOR WHAT DO YOU LIVE?

FOR what do you live?
Have you ever decided?
The world is divided.
Some live to eat,
Some eat to live,
But why do either?

If the hog could just find,
How to speak out his mind,
He would surely say
I live to eat corn,
Make the world all corn,
Then all will go well.

When the wolf speaks his mind,
He says he'd be blind
If he did not prefer
That the world be a sheep,
And then he could keep
Himself busy devouring.

When the vulture doth wish
He is ready to push
To a final conclusion;
He says without remorse,
Give me a dead horse
As big as creation.

And so going around
It can easy be found
What each one prefers;
Each one has his taste,
Which makes him in haste
Decide for all creation.

But why do you live?
Is it somewhat to give
Or just to receive?
Is it only to eat
Your bread and your meat
And then to lie down forever?

As beggars we stand
With uplifted hand
To the Lord of creation .
His blessings do fall
In showers for all,
But who gathers them in?

The strong crush the weak,
And loudly they speak
As if owning creation;
But God over all
Will cause them to fall
In the final distribution.

LIFE'S JUMBLE.

TO-DAY it's too wet, to-morrow too dry,
To-day we laugh, to-morrow we cry;
Now comes a smile, then follows a sigh—
After all, our living's not high.

One time it's too warm, next time it's too cold,
This year we're too young, next year we're too
old;
To-day too timid, to-morrow too bold—
But, still, our hearts are not bold.

Sunshine to-day chases shadows away,
While shadows chase sunshine the very next day;
Some times of year our hopes are full high—
They being dashed down, we weep and we cry.

We love and we hate, we hope and we fear;
Sometimes all is dark, and then all is clear;
Our hearts full of sorrow, and then of good
cheer,
All things come to us in one short year.

As the wheel of fortune turns swiftly around,
With success and misfortune we quickly are
crowned;
Bright hope and pleasure, sorrow and pain,
Sunshine and gladness, darkness and rain;

The cold and the wet, the warm and the dry,
Pleasure and pain, the laugh and the sigh,

Singing and dancing, mourning and weeping,
Fastly we go flying, or slowly go creeping.

Now we're too early, again we're too late,
Now we talk wisely, then as fools we prate;
O who can tell what from out of life's jumble
When our journey is done will finally tumble?

Who can surely tell whether aught will remain
Of the terrible mixture of pleasure and pain?
Of one thing we're sure, that, when it is past,
It endeth in death, peace cometh at last.

The Lord, from the mixture of things in this life,
From its things of beauty mingled with strife,
Looking for the good, searching very deep,
Will find His beloved and give them sweet sleep.

WORDS FAIL.

THERE are thoughts that no words can e'er
compass,

Emotions where language all fails.

They flow like the tide of the ocean

When over all else it prevails.

Wide-sweeping they flood all my being,

O'erwhelming all else in my life.

They fill up my heart to o'erflowing,

And swiftly they banish all strife.

As the air that flows down from the mountains

Sweeps over the valley and plain,

So the floods of prevailing emotion

Let naught in their pathway remain.

THE OLD FARMER HAS MOVED TO TOWN.

I've late moved in from the country,
Me'n' Susan an' Jim are in town;
I've bought property out on a street
That goes by the name of Brown;
To tell you the fact, sir, it don't suit me,
This thing of moven to town,
But I moved in all the same—
Just to suit Susan an' Jim.

You see, thar's no room here—
A feller can't well git his breath;
The houses are so dreadfully crowded
That I feel like I'd smother to death.
An' then the onpleasant sounds
That I always and everywhere hear—
The whistlens, an' blowens, an' grumblens,
An' groanens are all mighty queer.

They're not what I've been used to,
They don't sound nat'ral, you know—
This ringen of bells, an' blowen of whistles,
An' screechen of injines don't go
Well with an old feller like me;
I like, sir, the squeal of the pig,
Expecten his breakfast of corn,
As he comes trodden up in a jig
When I call him right loud in the morn.

The crowen of the roosters,
 The cacklin' of the hens,
 The quackin' of the ducks,
 An' squealin' of pigs in the pens;
 An' the old brindle cow,
 Bawlin' loud for her calf—
 Them are the good old sounds
 That ken make me laugh.

I'll tell you, sir, Jim, he,
 A few evenin's back,
 Tuck both Susan an' me
 In a mighty fine hack
 To one of them operays
 That they're a haven nowadays.

We sot on red cushions,
 We watched the fine people,
 We seed the new fashions,
 And all went spinnen along
 Till at last the prime-donner
 Got off her best song.

When she'd sung her best lick,
 An' the people was all yellen
 An' maken more noise than Ole Nick,
 To Susan I made the remark,
 Which I'll swear is true any day,
 "I'd ruther hear Ole Bull bark
 Than to hear sich screechin' as this."

Fact is, sir, nowadays
 Is different from when I was born;

I'm an old-fashioned man,
With old-fashioned ways,
Who begun away back
In them primitive days
When we chopped wood in the woods,
An' driv oxen to sleds,
When we rested our bones
On good feather beds.

No, sir, I can't git use
To sich onusual ways
As they git up in these days;
I'd ruther set on the fence
Out on the old farm
An' see the hogs root
Fur things in the groun',
An' watch the lambs play
An' go frolickin' aroun';
Whar each feller you meet
Is hale feller well met,
An' thar haint no first class upper set
Who puts on some particlar airs.
Out thar yer don't haf to go roun'
Drest up in yer best close
As yer got to in town,
Looken out all the time fur etikwet.

I like special the old wood,
Whar I ken jist holler
As loud as I could;
Whar I ken call up the hogs
An' yell at the dogs,

An' it's nobody's bizness
But jist only my own.

An' then as to vittels,
Wy, sir, I'd ruther set down
To bacon an' dodgers an' sich
Things as Susan ken cook,
Than to be awful rich
An' live in this town.
It's appetite, sir,
That makes vittels good,
Much more'n it is
The particular kine of food.
To go roamen aroun'
A lookin' at things,
Swallerin' good country air
An' drinken water from springs.
Makes all vittels first class.

No, sir, I don't want
To live in this town,—
Nor die here, nuther,
Fur to die in this place
Would be only to smother.
Give me good country air
When I breathe out my last;
Let me hear the birds sing
When I give up the ghost,
As they were use't to sing
In the beginnen uv spring.

This town aint no good place
To bury a real dead man in;

Thar aint room 'nough roun' here
Fur so many dead people
As dies ev'ry year.
An' then them shinen black wagons
With doors all shet up so tight,
When a feller's in sich a bad plight
As bein' all dead an' undone,
I don't jedge its fair nor right
To go totin' him all aroun'
Through the principal streets of the town,
Shet in from the good fresh air
An' the blessed sunlight
In a closed-up wagon so tight.

When I'm dead an' goin' to be gone,
I want to ride in the old open wagon,
An' pulled by old Charley an' Bill,
An' I want to be tuck straight away
To the graveyard on top of the hill,
Whar the big oak trees an' the elms,
An' the sugar trees kiver the groun'
An' make a big shade all aroun';
Whar' the birds ken sing all day,
An' the rabbits an' squirrels ken play,
An' thar'l be no sich onpleasant soun'
As they're alles gitten up in this town.

Out thar on that ole hill-top
Thar's nothen much but nat'ral things,
And them's the things I like tip-top.
The Lord hisself made them things,
An' man's not made things better.

Out thar in the cool evnin' time
The Lord ken come an' look aroun'
An' hev nothin' to disturb his mine—
I don't think he comes much to this town.

I want to lay quiet on that ole hill,
Till Gabrel comes an' blows his horn.
He'll come a searchen roun'
Some bright an' shinen Sunday morn,
An' then with a mighty blast
Of that great an' ringin' horn
He'll wake up all that's sleepin'
In that ole an' ancient hill;
He will rouse an' set them goin'
By his great an' mighty skill.

It strikes me mighty plain
That from that ole hill-top
Would be a good appropriate place
Frum which to take a rize
Jist as we go a starten off,
Migraten to the upper skies,
To the fur off land above,
To meet the ones we love.

MAMMON.

SOULS of men are more precious unto God
Than all the stars that float in boundless
space.

Though burdened sore with heavy, galling
weights,

They rise from out the dust and speak to God.
They call Him by His name and tell their wants,
They claim Him for their own and He claims
them.

Proud souls of mortal men, who stand on earth
And view the distant stars and talk with God,
Why do you spend for that which feedeth not?
Shall souls of men be buried under dust
Which God hath made to tread beneath their
feet?

Must they be bound by fetters to earth's gods?

One soul in heaven's scales outweighs all stars.
Dust speaketh not to God with voice of prayer,
Nor doth it sing to Him with heart of praise.
Why do the souls of men, heirs of God's uni-
verse,

Born to rule in likeness of the mighty God,
Fall prostrate in degrading service to the dust?

O cruel earth, thou god of our great race,
For which, in hope to keep, men pawn their
souls.

God snatcheth it from out their grasping hands
And leaves them in their nakedness and want
To answer for their dark, unrighteous deeds,
The fruitful brood of avarice and pride.

What deadly war doth spirit wage with dust!
Which yet shall serve and which shall rule as
lord?

Shall the dead clay within the potter's hands
Entomb the soul of him who mouldeth it?
Shall the souls of men be dead to cries for
mercy

While they worship at their shrines of sordid
gain?

God free us from the cruel slavery
In which our souls are ground to nothingness.
Teach us to know that growth of soul is growth
Of heaven's wealth that makes the angels sing;
That triumph over dust is God's own power
Which keeps the universe in place.

Where lies the goal to which the thundering
tread,

The onward rush, of countless millions leads?
What power doth urge, what mighty hand shall
guide

The blinded, brutish race, as like a herd
Close packed, it presseth on in darkness black?
God, lend the power of Thine Almighty Arm.

Harsh sound the mutterings 'mid the mighty
hosts,

The storm-cloud gathers in life's surging sea;
The stifling air is laden with foul curses—
Then comes the earthquake's awful reel and
grind;

The gaping earth doth feast upon the race—
God grant to mortal man a nobler fate.

Arouse Thy people in their God-like might,
Break short the chains that bind them to earth's
gods.

Lift up their minds to know the Living God,
Give them new hearts with which to love and
serve,

New wealth in souls redeemed from sin to God,
New faith, new hope that's anchored in the veil.

THE ROBIN

At early dawn
On an April morn,
When the wind was laden with snow,
As in bed I lay,
And growled away,
That weather should be so forlorn;
While I tossed and rolled
As a common scold,
I growled in the ear of the morn
In sadness I moaned,
In madness I groaned,
That nature should be so undone.

I looked and scowled
And wept and howled,
That March into April had run.
With spirit forlorn
I moaned at the storm
But never could I understand,
Why so cold a morn
Should ever be born,
When the sunshine of April was due,
Why so dark a storm
Should ever form
In the heart of a month so bright.
While thus sadly undone
And awaiting the sun,
I lay, on that blustering morn,
Just out in the tree,
Singing with glee,
A robin sat breasting the storm,
In the morning gray,
At the break of day,
Thrust hard by the snow-laden wind,
With his heart in tune,
In the morning soon,
His voice poured forth through the storm
A song so sweet,
In measure so meet,
That it thrilled to the core of my heart .
As louder it blew
And fiercer it grew,
And poured down the snow and the rain,

The voice of the bird
More plainly was heard
As it pierced through the dim of the storm.
And then in my heart
Was a feeling of smart,
And my mind with shame was o'ercome,
That a creature so small,
With nothing at all,
While the storm grew fiercer and cold,
Should fill the dark air,
With its song and its prayer
As if sunshine were reigning without.
You could never have known,
From the song that had flown,
Of the storm and the gloom that surrounded,
Except from the swell,
As it rose and it fell,
Of the voice that more clearly resounded.
Thus ever in storm,
When heart fails to grow warm,
Remember the bird's cheerful song.
As darker the day,
So louder the lay
That should pierce through the cold and
the gloom.
Thy soul can o'ercome
And outride the storm
That would sweep thee in darkness away;
Thus darkness and rain
Can never bring pain
To a heart that is brimming with praise;

Whatever the storm
That meets us at morn
The sunshine of heart can dispel.

CONCEIT.

O!^H! the height of human folly
That struts and wabbles and swells,
That says, "Look here! I'm a big one,
All grandeur in me richly dwells."

See the fool strutting on in his folly,
His glory self-made, and poor stuff;
He thinks that all eyes are upon him,
Whenever he chooses to snuff.

How we're stuffed with conceit and delusion
That we are so grand and so great.
We worry and fume and grow angry
That the world will not take us at rate.

How we'd shrink if the burster of wind-bags
Should suddenly get in his work.
We would then see ourselves but poor shadows,
And away we would slink in the dark.

FALLING IN LOVE.

WHEN you fall in love how far do you fall?
And when you've thus fallen have you
fallen at all?

When you've fallen in love don't you fall up
hill?

Why call it a fall if it is your will?

And what is the power that makes you fall?
And why submit to the power at all?
Great gravity tumbles us down to the ground,
But what kind of gravity in love is there found?

I've heard it said that love is attraction,
But then it soon leadeth to violent reaction.
No doubt it may be that the strength of the fall
Causeth strong rebound as a rubber ball.

When you fall in love don't you fall from self,
And leave the old boy sitting up on the shelf?
When you fall in love do you fall from grace,
Or do you fall up to a higher place?

When you fall in love don't you sail like a kite
Up into thin air to a very great height,
So you feel as if you'd smother to death
While you set up a gasping to get your breath?

It seems to me that the fall is a rise
That lifts a chap up right into the skies.
Isn't it really true when you fall in love
That you dream you've fallen to heaven above?

This falling in love is a very queer thing,
You fall like a stone or you sail like a wing.
Your feet hit the earth or your head hits the
stars,
You may land on the earth or may land on Mars.
Instead of a fall is it not a jump,
By which you quick light chuck down in a
hump?
And when you have lit you generally feel
That you do not know your head from your heel.
When you fall in love you light at the feet
Of the girl whose wits you are trying to cheat,
But you cheat yourself, for she knows full well
That your attack of love will have a brief spell;
That in a short time your head will get cool,
And then you won't act so much like a fool.
She may endure you for more or less time,
And not look on your love as a very dark crime.

LOOK UNTO HIM.

I AM sailing afar on life's ocean,
I am driven before its strong tides,
But my heart ever turns with devotion
And in safety at home it abides.

Though the storm-clouds may gather in dark-
ness,
And dread lightnings may flash through the
sky,

Yet my heart ever turns with sweet gladness
To the hope of the mansions on high.

Oh, the home of the soul that abideth
That no storm can e'er reach or assail.

Yes, I look unto Him who e'er guideth,
That in safety to port I may sail.

THE WORTH OF GREAT MEN?

WHAT is the worth of one great man?
Who can the worth of Lincoln scan?

Pile high the glittering gold of earth,
How can it equal his great worth?

How many acres broad of land,
How many diamonds from the strand,
How many jewels, by the ton,
Can bless the world like Washington?

O'er England's wealth in ships and gold,
Stands Gladstone's name forever bold;
A name that shall enrich mankind
And bear aloft the human mind.

What gold from out the sea and earth,
Could pay for Shakspear's timely birth?
All earthly riches come to naught,
His fame cannot by them be bought.

What wealth can pay for Homer's song,
Which shall through time his fame prolong?

What sparkling jewels can we bring
To pay the debt when Burns shall sing?

Who weighs out gold 'gainst David's lyre?
Or pays it for Isaiah's fire?
Or asks to buy Paul's God-like power,
Which stands for man a mighty tower?

Through men like these mankind is great,
Their lives we have no means to rate.
Their power shall grow from age to age,
Their fame shall glow on history's page.

By them the race is glorified,
In them our faith shall e'er abide.
Time cannot spoil their work nor fame,
They live in deeds as well as name.

God plants his heroes in the land
Where they as mountains firmly stand.
They lift their heads far in the sky
And flash their glory from on high.

A MAN OF DIGNITY.

THERE was a man of dignity,
On dignity he stood;
This man he neither laughed nor smiled
Because he never would.

He nursed his dignity by day,
At night he laid it down,
And if you touched his dignity
He always made a frown.

His dignity was all he had,
His capital in store,
He shoved it out before your eyes
And made himself a bore.

This man he looked so wise and great,—
His dignity did shine;
And when he gazed upon himself
He looked superbly fine.

He sat upon a stool one day,
A goat rushed up behind,
His dignity quick took a fall,
And then he had no mind.

A LIMPY LAME BOY.

I'm jist a limpy lame boy, Lord,
And for me you ain't got no use;
I'd jist like to say a few words, Lord,
And tell you my own excuse.

You see that my coat is ragged, Lord,
I don't like to show it to you,
And then my breeches needs patchin', Lord,
And there's a great big hole in my shoe.

I'm ashamed not to have on Sunday clo'es, Lord,
But these is the best that I've got,
And if you're not ashamed to see me, Lord,—
I'll jist say a few words if you're not.

Well, as I was sayin' jist now, Lord,
I'm only a limpy lame boy;
I couldn't help a bein' limpy lame, Lord,
And bein' lame I don't 'zackly injoy.

I want to tell you jist here, Lord,
And what I tell you is square,
I never did steal Bill's apple, Lord,—
If you don't believe me, I'll swear.

I'll tell you I ain't a complainen, Lord,
And I don't like fellers what do;
I'd still feel mighty thankful, Lord,
If I didn't have nary a shoe.

Don't you think it was pretty tough on me, Lord,
When some'n' come and tuck my brother?
And then I thought I was clean done for, Lord,
When some'n' came and tuck away mother.

But I've been a doin' purty well, Lord,
As good as you might expect;
And if I've done somethin' you don't like, Lord,
I jist hope you can't ricollect.

I want to tell you jist here, Lord,
Them cuss words 'tother night I never said;
'Twas a feller near by me hit his crazy bone,
Lord,—
If it ain't true, sir, jist let me go dead.

And now I want to tell you, Lord,
I ain't no low beggar nor sich;
I worked hard for all I have, Lord,
And I earned it myself every stitch.

To be sure there's some things I'd like, Lord,
That I ain't jist now able to git;
Some store clo'es would be mighty good, Lord,
Sich as has a real nice fit.

A square meal of them big red apples, Lord,
That is round at Old Mugginses store,
Would make me step mighty peart, Lord,—
If I could jist get a dozen or more.

I don't 'zackly like the place where I sleep, Lord,
That corner down in the dark cellar;

It's purty cold on the straw with no kiver
Lord,—

But to complain I'm not jist the feller.

There's one thing I'd jist like to tell you, Lord,
For I guess you don't maybe know;
There's little Jake Stivers is awful sick, Lord,
And I heerd 'em say he'd haf to go.

You'll find him down in that cellar on straw,
Lord,—

He's awful puny and weak;
I wish, if you kin spare the time, Lord,
You'd go down and hear little Jake speak.

His voice, you kin skeercely hear it, Lord,—
But maybe you kin understand;
If you'll help little Jake Stivers, Lord,
You'll be the best man in the land.

As fur me, I'm doin' real well, Lord,
But I'll tell you little Jake is hard up,
And if you kin lend him a helpin' hand, Lord,
I'll shout with my might and I'll jup.

HOW I CAUGHT HIM.

I'LL tell you how I caught me a lover,
From those who around me long did hover;
Who came to woo me each Sunday,
And stayed very near until Monday.

There was Dobbins, who sat on his chair
With a wonderful sanctified air,
Tom Snooks, whose nose was too big,
And Brown who much needed a wig.

There was Simpkins, who laughed all the time,
And Jones, who thought he looked prime,
John Smith, who talked of his horse,
And Gaskins, who talked of things worse.

Tom Watkins came marching in, too,
And Wade, with his tight-fitting shoe,
And Tompkins, who wore no cravat,
And Dash, with his very small hat.

Came all of these lovers and more—
They numbered well nigh to a score.
Some laughed while others looked sad,
But at last my dear Pa he grew mad.

Pa said it was nonsense and folly
To treat all these lovers so jolly.
He said that I ought one to choose,
And then swiftly throw out my noose.

So I told them what Pa he had said,
And then quickly all of them fled,
Which made me indeed feel silly,
But I captured sweet Laughing Billy.

Sweet Laughing Billy's now mine,
Most brightly his face doth shine.
He says that the swift-flying noose
He never had time to refuse.

He says that the swift-flying noose
He never had time to refuse.
The swift-flying noose, flying noose,
He never had time to refuse.

A LETTER.

I HAD a letter from Johnnie,
In which he calls me his dear;
He says that he fondly loves me,
Which sounds indeed very queer.

Ah, Johnnie, I've heard of your letters,
Which you write to so many girls;
And truly they all read alike, sir,
For you call them all your sweet pearls.

Come, Johnnie, just change your tactics,
And write in another strain,
And if you are truly in earnest,
Just leave off your sad refrain.

A girl knows her mind when she has one,
She keeps her wits sharpened and bright;
She walks with her feet on the earth, sir,
And becomes not giddy with flight.

Come down from your clouds and your glory,
Just write a plain business hand,
And I will not fail to inform you,
When rightly I once understand.

THE LORD CARETH.

THE Lord is moving man upward,
He stirreth the nations afar;
The chaff and the dross he is burning,
While onward he driveth his car.

He calleth aloud to the nations,
His Spirit is striving with man;
His power forever is present
To bless wherever it can.

O the blindness and deafness and dumbness,
The sin and the folly of man,
They drag him forever downward,—
But the Lord lifteth all that he can.

The Lord hath chosen his people,
They are scattered through time and through
space;
The weak and the wronged he will care for,
Whatever the nation or race.

Their sorrow shall turn into laughter,
Bright joy for dark mourning he'll give;
He will bless and crown them with beauty,
And they in his presence shall live.

The haughty shall fall down before him,
The proud shall soon lie in the dust;
The false shall endeavor to shun him,
The true shall seek him in trust.

The Lord is gracious and mighty,
 He knoweth and loveth his own;
 He ruleth forever in mercy,
 While he sitteth upon his white throne.

THE “SKEETER.”

THE “skeeter” is the blithest bird
 Of all the birds that fly;
 He lifteth up his tender voice
 Whene’er he draweth nigh.

His voice is tuned to wondrous pitch,
 It’s tuned into the sky,
 And when he soars above your head
 His tune is soaring high.

He is a very social bird,
 He seeks you out at once,
 And when he spies your blooming face
 Straight on you he will pounce.

An introduction asks he not,
 He seeks to introduce
 His bill into your smiling face.
 To fill himself with juice.

He sticketh closer to you than
 Than brother dear or friend,
 For friendship close and social work
 On him you can depend.

He never seems to come too late,
He always comes too soon;
At night he often soars aloft
With eyes upon the moon.

If you should think he will not come
When you have gone to bed,
Just wait till you are sleeping sound
And he will pierce your head.

Most sure when you are trying hard
To close your eyes in sleep,
Then he will softly sing around
And at you take a peep.

Whenever he presents his bill
You know he will collect,
And that he will present his bill
You always may expect.

So pay up promptly all he asks
And let him fly away,
Then sure he will remember you
And call another day.

THERE'S A LIGHT.

THERE'S a light on the mountain that's shining
It sendeth its radiance afar,
It lighteth the hill and the valley,
And shineth as Heaven's own star.

O the beautiful light on the mountain,
It glows 'mid the darkness of night;
Its beams speed away with their message
And fly on the wings of the light.

Most gracious and gently thou comest,
And liftest the curtain of night,
Thy beams all beauty revealing
As swiftly thou makest thy flight.

There's a light that is shining from Heaven,
It pierces the gloom of the earth,
It shines on the souls of the sinful
And gives them a heavenly birth.

There are souls that are crying in anguish
And hearts that are bowed in the dust;
The light has gone out in their bosoms,
They know not in whom they can trust.

They wander in sin and in darkness,
They grope 'mid the pitfalls of earth;
They see not the goal of God's people,
Nor know whence the soul had its birth.

They reach out with hands that are helpless,
And plead with a piteous face;
They know not what they should ask for,
And naught do they know of God's grace.

Who will carry the light to the darkness?
Who will pour the light in their souls?
Who will grasp the hands that are lifted
And lead them to Heaven's own goals?

O ye bearers of light, quickly hasten,
God bids you to let your light shine—
The light you've received from the Master—
The light that alone is divine.

THE GOLDEN GODDESS.

A YOUNG man stood at life's threshold,
The pulse of his life beating strong;
He was seeking a place where to labor
Amid the earth's mad, rushing throng.

He scanned all places of labor,
His mind was in trouble and doubt;
He followed the throng in its marching
To learn what they all were about.

At the foot of a mountain was standing
A temple of gold, and a throne;
Its domes pierced the clouds of the heavens,
And its doors were wide open thrown.

On the throne in the temple was sitting
A goddess who glittered with gold,
In her hand a gold harp she was playing,
And she sang with a sweetness untold:

“All who enter my temple, and labor,
Great riches and honor shall gain;
A temple of gold each shall build him
In which his good soul shall remain.”

Wild rushed the mad throng through the doorway,
The young man was borne in the tide;
The temple was crowded with workmen—
The clanging was fearful and wild.

Each man at a forge was toiling—
He was shaping dollars of gold,
Which he placed in a coffer beside him,
Till the coffer refused to hold.

The young man seized a hammer,
And wrought with a lusty arm;
To see the bright gold glitter
Gave his soul a wondrous charm.

The dollars he threw in a coffer,
And again he returned next day;
He bowed to the golden goddess,
And onward went his way.

He wrought with his brain and muscle,
He labored early and late;
He smiled at the golden goddess,
And worshiped her as fate.

Long years sped on in their going,
He ceased not to come and go;
In coining he grew more skillful,
Till his wealth he did not know.

His eyes grew dim in the sunlight,
The stars he could no more see;
He scarce knew his wife and children—
An eye for gold had he.

He heard not the laugh of children,
He heard not the song of birds;
The world was moving about him,
But for man he had no words.

He praised the golden goddess,
Her song all day he sang;
More swiftly he forged the dollars,
And louder his anvil rang.

All day he wrought in the temple,
Far into the night he spent,
Until the day was dawning,
Before he homeward went.

His eyes grew dim and dimmer,
Naught could he see but gold;
The sun and the moon had faded—
They seemed as a tale that is told.

He sang one song in the morning—
“More gold, more gold, more gold;”
And he sang all day till the evening—
“More gold, more gold, more gold.”

The goddess sat smiling and singing,
And ever her harp she did play,
While loudly his anvil was ringing
From morn till the close of day.

At last he remained in the temple,
The light and the air he refused;
His wife and his children forgotten—
In coining his time was all used.

His body grew thin as a spectre,
His soul knew naught but the gold,
And wildly he sang to the goddess—
“More gold, more gold, more gold.”

He fell in his frantic endeavor,
He lay on the coffers of gold,
And quickly his life was there ended
As he gasped—“More gold, more gold.”

So they fell every day by thousands,
And the goddess still played and sang;
New mortals ever came rushing,
And loudly the anvils e'er rang.

They worked in the golden temple
Where the light of God never shone;
Their souls were chained to the goddess
Who sat on the golden throne.

IN JUNE.

GOLDEN-tinged the ripening harvest,
Sweet the fragrant new-mown hay.
Glittering shine the morning dew-drops
When they greet the new-born day.

Loudly sounds the quail's shrill whistle,
As he hails the rising sun.
Blithely trills the friendly robin,
When the day begins to run.

Crimson grow the ripening berries,
Kissed by sunshine's living rays.
Golden turn June's luscious apples,
In the long bright summer days.

Drooping low from tips of branches,
Ripens now the early pear.
Tempting grow the scarlet peaches,
Blushing as the maiden fair.

Life is flooding all the living,
Pressing full all nature's veins.
Now to live is well worth living,
When great life supremely reigns.

WAR.

LOUD sounds the trumpet of Almighty God,
Heaven's war-drums beat God's urgent call
to arms.

Their voice is rolling through the slumbering
world.

Awake, ye righteous, gird your armor on,
March forth to fight the battles of the Lord,
His cruel foes are smiting all the earth.

The nations groan in abject slavery.
Man croucheth low in semblance of the brute.
He rends his fellow-man with savage fangs,
And gloats in blood and laughs at pangs of
death.

The image of Almighty God has fled
And left man reigning as a senseless brute.

The nations bay each other as wild beasts.
The strong, in God's own name, devour the
weak;

They lie in wait and leap with tiger's spring
To tear and eat man's flesh and drink his blood.
They prowl the ocean with their mighty fleets,
And search through every land in quest of prey.

Each Christian land—God save the name of
Christ—

Brands Christ's own name upon its brazen
front,

And carries fire and sword in search of prey.
Each Christian king, his heel upon their necks,
Doth drive his subjects on in deadly toil,
That he may waste their substance in hell's
wars.

Each Christian king doth turn his nation's brain
To invent and forge machines of cruel death.
The nations' brawn and brain are used to slay;
The people's substance eaten up, that man
May face his fellowman in deadly strife.
To kill, and not to live, is life's chief aim.

The millions groan beneath the tyrant's heels,
They faint beneath their grinding, galling loads.
The strength of youth and manhood's ripest
years
Are forced to slaughter by the tyrant's pride.
All tears and groans and blood and piteous
prayers
Are naught before the war-god's heart of stone.

Christ yet shall rule, God's voice is thundering
loud;
He calls His people from the ends of earth
To battle for the conquering Prince of Peace.
The thrones of kings are in His mighty hands.
All kings must answer roll-call unto God;
He drives them as the dust before his breath.

The war-god shall be chained and cast in hell,
God's people shall go free and live in peace.

Yet shall they lift their hearts and eyes to
 heaven,
And see and know their God, who rules and
 loves.
Then shall it be as sung by angel choirs,
On earth good will and peace among all men.

TO THE GREAT SEA.

I now am on the ebbing tide,
On outward flow I fast do ride;
It floweth back to ocean wide
That it may add to rising tide.

The ocean beateth on the land,
It beareth back the shifting sand
From off the shore into the sea,—
Thus life's great ocean moveth me.

I'm floating down on life's great river,
Into the ocean of the Giver;
Each pulse of heart, like stroke of oar,
Fast bears me towards the unseen shore.

The voyage may be short or long,
The breezes may be soft or strong,
The weather may be cold or warm,
Yet I shall float away from harm
(13)

Into the deep and boundless sea
That filleth all immensity.
No earthly storm, nor wind, nor tide
Can turn me from my course aside.

As waters flow to ocean wide,
And cannot on the land abide,
So life that liveth now in me
Is flowing down to life's great sea.

The hand of God doth draw along
Alike the weak and great and strong
In time's great flood which beareth all,
And in one ocean let's them fall.

As I float down near life's great sea,
My muffling heart will beat with glee
To hear the voices near the shore
Of those who long since went before.

IGNORANCE AND UNBELIEF.

IS ALL the universe a sigh?
Does life all end in gasp and cry?
Does Juggernaut ride in his car
And crush our life with dark despair?

Gross ignorance and unbelief
Steal peace of mind as cunning thief,
And leave us sitting on the ground
In misery the most profound.

We see nor know what lies beyond,
Our ignorance is all profound,
We're murdered by ecstatic grief
That rises from dark unbelief.

We come to that momentous end
Which God doth to each mortal send,
When life doth vanish with a breath
And eyes forever close in death.

As living flame leaps to the sky
So mounts my soul to God on high,
While yet it sees with vision dim,
It giveth back itself to Him.

HE EVER WORKETH.

THE wheels of God ne'er backward turn,
From age to age they forward run,
They always turn at speed the best,
Nor do they ever stop to rest.

God's spindles hum by day and night,
Their threads are drawn in swiftest flight,
Both strong and fine they ever flow,
While His own spinsters make them grow.

God's looms are plied with steady hand,
They noiseless weave in every land;
His weavers weave with daintiest skill
While all are driven by His will.

What fabrics from His looms e'er fall,
While His good angels weave them all.
See blade of grass and dainty flower,
And sparkling dew and summer shower,

See this great world with song and bird,
And living things, a mighty herd,
All falling fast from His great looms,
While those grown old e'er seek the tombs.

His looms e'er better fabrics weave,
Old forms behind they ever leave,
All patterns best His angels choose
While worthless ones they e'er refuse.

Mixed up with sunshine and with shower,
They weave with skill and secret power,
No mortal yet hath seen the hand
That weaveth all by His command.

His angels come with silent tread
And weave the living from the dead,
While God doth touch it with His breath
And thus deliver it from death.

The finest fabric He doth weave,
Is soul of man which doth receive
Imprint of God's own vital self,
Which giveth it eternal wealth.

O soul that's born of God's own breath,
Why fearest thou a second death?
Lift up thine eyes and see afar
In firmament the one Great Star.

O THAT SOMEBODY WOULD LIVE THE
GOSPEL!

O THAT somebody would live the gospel
That so many preach in vain!
O that somebody would help the helpless
Who by cruel hearts are slain!

I saw a man who was stooping,
He was striking heavy blows;
His jaw was hard-set and determined,
And his face was pinched with woes.

I said, "Your lot seems hard, sir,
The hammer you swing is great;
The wages you earn must be good, sir,
For you labor early and late."

The form rose up in its anguish,
The hammer stood poised in the air—
"Nine blows I strike for the master,
And five for those in despair.

"Nine blows I strike for the master,
And two for myself and wife;
Three blows I strike for the bairns, sir,
Which scarce preserve their life."

Low bent the form in labor,
Hard clanged the hammer the steel;
Its thrill rang through my heart-strings
Till my heart refused to feel.

O that somebody would live the gospel
That so many preach in vain!
O that somebody would help the helpless
Who by cruel hearts are slain!

THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE beautiful earth and the beautiful seas,
And the mountains that rise in glory;
The beautiful birds in the beautiful trees,
And the beautiful song and story.

The beautiful stars that shine in the sky,
The sun in his glory and power;
The beautiful moon that circleth on high,
And the rain that falls in the shower.

The beautiful flowers that spring from the earth,
That distill their sweet fragrance afar;
The beautiful rose of heavenly birth,
That opens its eye on the star.

The beautiful pearls that shine in the sea,
The diamonds that sparkle so rare;
The beautiful world that is to be,
With its freedom from trouble and care.

The beautiful soul that's brimming with love,
As the waters fill up the ocean,
All praise the Lord who ruleth above,
And bow in eternal devotion.

I OVERHEARD HIM SAY.

I'LL plant these daisies in thy hair,
Thy auburn hair, thou sweet and fair;
I'll plant a kiss upon thy cheek,
Thy rosy cheek so pink and meek.

Why should'st thou turn away and pout,
Thy sweet mouth pout as if in doubt?
Come, ruby lips, I'll stop your pout,
That lovely pout, I'll kiss it out.

Now do not drive me to despair,
Dark, dark despair, for still I'll swear
Thou art of all most sweet and fair,
Most fair, most fair, with auburn hair.

WASTEFULNESS.

IS THIS the day of God's best grace,
With this great, toiling human race?
What of its future here on earth?
Shall it be state of greater worth?

Will human race fast multiply
So that for lack of food they'll die?
Shall men, like tigers, bound and chase
Each other in the deadly race?

What do for heat to cook and warm?
Will not a shivering mass then swarm
Around one heap of dying coals
To thaw their bodies for their souls?

All fuel burnt by man in waste
Doth coldest day for man help haste.
The energy in coal that's stored
It is man's duty wise to hoard.

The time will come when lump of coal
Will sell for more than weight of gold;
The sunshine stored in earth with care
We toss for naught back through the air.

God labored long through ages past
To store up coal that it might last,
And serve man long in day of need,
If to its use he gives good heed.

The sunshine that through ages gone
Was stored by plants for age to come,
Is covered up in coal in earth
That it may bless man with its worth.

God saw the great oncoming age,
When man fierce war with all would wage;
He saw the need of mighty power,
That man might over nature tower.

God works for now and time to come,
His plans complete through ages run;
Let not the men now living take
What God doth for the ages make.

Man lives like hog, for self to-day;
The race unborn the debt will pay;
When thou dost waste a lump of coal
Thou freezest out a shivering soul.

THE SUNSET.

I stood in the evening looking on high,
When the glory of God was flooding the sky;
The clouds in bright troops were marching
along,
While the breezes below were singing a song.

Far up overhead, to the east, to the west,
The heavens with glory were everywhere blessed.
From the north to the south, from pole to pole,
The beauty of God enchanted the soul.

All the rich colors known up in Heaven,
To the roving clouds most freely were given.
Some marching along, close to each other did
keep,
They seemed to be Heaven's white flocks of
sheep.

The Lord stood behind and with infinite skill,
He painted the clouds to suit His own will;
He held in His hand the beams of the sun,
And as down from Heaven the colors did run,

With a brush made of sunbeams which He
swept through the sky,
He painted the clouds as they swiftly did fly.
To them all He gave such beauty and splendor,
That to Him fit praise each one might render.

To the west He fringed them with bright silver
and gold,
And then lower down He painted them bold
In scarlet and crimson and red of all hues,
While mixed in between were the greens and
the blues.

He streaked in the green, the lilac spread out,
The pink and the purple He scattered about.
The rose and the lavender He dashed through
the sky,
And they struck the clouds that were moving up
high.

The indigo flew far back in the heavens,
To the east and the south pink and purple were
driven;
And then on the clouds all the colors were
thrown,
Till the glory of God in its splendor was shown.

The clouds everywhere decked with rose and
with white,
And with tints so many and colors so bright,
That they were on fire with God's glorious light,
So they held entranced the mind and the sight.

The clouds hasted rapidly onward and on,
The pictures were painted and swiftly with-
drawn,
Or dissolved from the view into others that
came,
So that no two pictures were ever the same.

The clouds were enchanted with their garments
so glorious,

They seemed like angels marching victorious,
To proclaim to poor mortals in mercy and love,
Peace and good-will from Heaven above.

Some flew with their hair streaming far through
the sky,

Some with their robes trailing fastly did fly;
Others seemed with each other in splendor to
vie,

As they mounted the heavens higher and high.

The portals of Heaven seemed wide open
thrown,

That its glory and splendor might to mortals be
shown;

Such pictures of beauty on the clouds in their
flight,

Did God swiftly paint with the beams of sun-
light.

When the close of life's day shall come to each
one,

May its sky be painted with the beams of God's
sun,

That its glory and splendor in mercy may prove
The gateway of Heaven which we enter through
love.

A MUTUAL UNDERSTANDEN.

How DID I happen to marry her?
That is a question I don't like fer
To answer jist here; but, if I'd answer,
I'd say Betsy asked me and I asked her.

I used to live near her pa, you know;
And it sometimes happened by accident, so
That I was loafen round right smart
Whar I could see her, and that give a start.

And then in cherry-time I was hangen round
Her pa's house, and could often be found
Away up high in her pa's cherry tree,
For her pa's cherries agreed with me.

Well, as I'll say, Betsy, my wife, she,
When I was above, loafed under the tree;
And while I eat cherries away up tall
In the tree, she jist eat what I let fall.

And in this condition of matters and things,
It was nat'ral to talk about other things;
Things in genral and things in particlar some
times,
And about other things at other times.

And so we talked, and I kep' crammen cherries
Into my mouth. I liked her pa's cherries.
And she talked, too, and crammed cherries
Into her mouth. She liked her pa's cherries.

Yes, we talked about several things, or more;
I reckon, if counted, they'd be more than a
score.

About the quilten to come off later at John
Smith's—

Smith was a neighbor—you've heard of John
Smith?

So we talked a little about Polly Simpkins,
Who I didn't like, so I called her Polly Jimpkins.
We talked about the spellen school last winter,
And about if there'd be a spellen school next
winter.

'Mong other things it come nat'ral to talk about,
Was Betsy's black cat, which did walk about,
And once and awhile went rubbin' agin' Betsy,
Which made me think good of the cat—and of
Betsy.

A black cat at sich time is very suggestive,
And will greatly aid the slow digestive
Machinery of your mind to come to a con-
clusion,
Provided you don't work under a delusion.

And so I come to an understanden of the case.
It was easy to see that she had the same case
Well understood, I could tell from her look,
And she could tell from my look like a book.

Well, things kep a goin' on from better to better,
And oftentimes, Betsy, I met her

At, under, or around the cherry-tree;
And at the same time, Betsy, she met me.

Finally, by the help of the robins and catbirds,
And by much picken by me and the birds,
And eaten by me and Betsy all we could,
Betsy's pa's cherries went away, as they should.

Then, when Betsy's pa's cherries was all gone,
What more was by me and Betsy to be done?
When I climb down from the tree the last time
I stood facen Betsy, and she me, in her prime.

Sez I, "I never would ask a girl to marry me."
Sez she, "I never would ask a boy to marry me."
Sez I, "If't could be mutual-like, you see,
We might, without trouble, no doubt agree."

Sez Betsy to me, "I'd go half way
To meet the feller I like, any day."
Sez I to Betsy, and says Betsy to me,
"By mutual understanden we'll both agree."

PRIDE.

T^HOSE people round there
Fill my soul with despair.
Why, Lord, you can't know
Unless to them you go,
How dirty and bad,
And unutterably sad;
With clothes all in rags,
And many old hags—
It's even a shame
To mention their name—
And children in dirt
With scarcely a shirt—
It's a burning disgrace
To look at their face.
Why, Lord, I'll just say,
They disgrace the bright day.
Most vilely they swear,
And they look like despair.
As to why they are here
Is not at all clear.
It just seems to me
That it would well agree
With Thy great work of grace
If you'd just rid the face
Of the whole blesssd earth
Of all of such birth.

I, therefore, recommend
That quickly you'll send
And them far remove
To some place you approve,
They offend the fair earth
From the time of their birth.

In the darkness of night
I sat in sad plight,
And listened to hear,
When a voice sounded clear:
"All are made of one blood!
All are made of one blood!
All are made of one blood!"—
I then trembled and stood—
"Thy brothers in need"—
Is it so, Lord, indeed?—
"For whom Christ hath once died"—
They're too much for my pride—
"Thy brothers go feed,
They are deeply in need."
I staggered and fell
And dreamed of dark hell.
The voice sounded again,
"Amen! and Amen!!"
All startled I rose
And looked for dark foes.
I peered in the night
And sought to make flight,
When came like a flood,—
"All are made of one blood!

All are made of one blood!
All are made of one blood!
For all, Christ hath once died,
For all, Christ, crucified;
God's children in need,
Thy brothers go feed.
Count them not at all mean,
Nor count them unclean;
Behind their despair
Dwells God's image fair;
Amen! and Amen!!
Amen! and Amen!!"
I fell down in my pride
And through fear would have died.

I lay in despair
In the dark midnight air,
When sounded again,
"Amen! and Amen!!
Thy soul is undone,
Thy brothers to shun.
Why them now deny
For whom Christ once did die?
Why deem it a thing great
Thy brothers to hate?
If Christ for them died
Why dost thou from them hide?
Thy pride is thy death!
Thy pride is thy death!
Amen! and Amen!!
Amen! and Amen!!"
(14)

I down again fell
And saw me in hell.

In terror I lay
Through the night and the day;
I fought with my pride
And unto Christ cried;
Saw Christ washing their feet,
With them sitting at meat,
While his face then did shine
With love all divine.

He raised up the dead,
“Unto me come,” He said,
He shed the sad tear
By the poor widow’s bier;
Gave them comfort and love,
Spoke of Heaven above;
Gave them hope and good cheer,
And banished their fear.

I lay in sad plight
While God’s Spirit of might
Was striving within
To redeem me from sin.
Deep down a voice said,
“Arise from the dead;
Call not them unclean
With whom Christ thou hast seen,
Amen, and Amen!
Amen, and Amen!”

‘Thy love doth constrain,
I cannot remain;
Thy servant must serve
And from duty not swerve;
The Master doth show
The duty I owe.
Amen, and Amen!
Amen, and Amen!’

EVOLUTION OF MAN.

THE atoms met in primal days,
And all agreed to work man-ways.
They shouted loud, they whistled long,
Ten million years they sang their song.

The earth was bleak and knew no life,
The winds and waves made mortal strife;
The clouds did ever fill the sky
And poured their rain as time did fly.

The earth did heave and groan and fret,
For in her ways she was not set;
The waters rolled o’er all the earth,
The land had not yet had its birth.

At last some land did rise above
By thrust, and heave, and mighty shove,
And did in bold defiance stand
To help in forming other land.

And then there came a sunny day,
When atoms saw to have their way;
They by wise counsel plans did make,
Which all agreed to undertake.

Their plan was great, that man should rise
With mighty soul to search the skies;
And so to work they swiftly went,
And each its finest skill e'er lent.

How atoms think and feel and plan,
Don't search too close and try to scan;
It's certain, though, that they did plan,
For here on earth now stands their man.

Learn to let well enough alone,
Then in your spirit you'll not groan;
True, you might ask in your smart way,
Did atoms work full many a day

In lifting man up out of clay
So he could see the light of day?
Do atoms have small heads to think?
And do they have cute mouths to drink?

All these are wonders, to be sure,
But for the present pass them o'er.
The atoms worked with all their might,
They never rested day nor night.

Within their heads clear lay the plan
By which they would construct their man;
While dancing in sunshine one day,
With hearts right merry and full gay,—

“Have atoms hearts?” I hear you say,
“And in their hearts do they feel gay?”
They have good hearts, of course, you see,
Else how could they make heart for me?

While dancing fast as merry wight,
In the full glare of Sol’s sunlight,
Each caught some sunlight in his cup,
And with it went to mixing up.

They mixed it with themselves, right quick,
Until the mixture was quite thick,
So it together well would stick,
And then it looked as if ’twas sick.

This protoplasm yet was dead;
It lacked of life a living head.
And so the atoms sang and danced,
In groups they waltzed, and on they pranced.

They stormed like soldiers in the fight,
They kicked and yelled with all their might;
They thought that sure they’d make it feel,
As on they flew in dizzy reel.

At last all kicked it with their heel,
And then it showed that it could feel.
Full oft it proves a kick will bring
New life to many a slumbering thing.

The protoplasm wept and cried;
It settled down and would have died
Had not the atoms in their pride
Kept up their kicking as it cried.

This protoplasm then did hie
To ocean's depths, and there did sigh;
There it had naught in life to do,
So it began dead cuds to chew.

And from these cuds it ever grew,
And, growing more, the more did chew;
Thus, being placed in life's great wheel,
It much did think and strong did feel.

Ten thousand ages rolled along,
It sat alone and sang its song;
And then in meditation deep,
It nearer to the light did creep.

It caught the sunlight from on high,
And then it wept to have an eye;
So on it went in thought and deed,
Till atoms had an eye decreed.

And when its eye did look around,
It saw the need of things profound;
The eye came first, the sages say,
That it might see the proper way.

With eyes it saw the crying need
Of stomach first with which to feed.
And so its eyes did guide the way
To place where stomach ought to stay.

The atoms more did kick and fight,
And pushed a stomach left and right;
A mouth they opened for the food,
And it did act as mouth e'er should.

At last by dragging through the mud,
Its body stretched, as well it could,
For mud was thick, and body long
Would better serve to life prolong.

Thus protoplasm changed to worm,
And onward it did ever squirm,
While forward it did drag through mud,
It ever chewed its calcic cud.

Ten million years its brain did rack,
And then it found bone in its back;
For long time it did work and brave,
Before the bone the atoms gave.

So on it strove to get its breath,
Lest it should die a sudden death,
And in its striving it did find
Good gills to breathe, of proper kind.

Just on each side by folding skin,
It did succeed in making fin;
With fins it cleft the water fast,
And swiftly on its way it passed.

He next sought kidney, liver, light;
The atoms heaved with all their might,
Until these things at last were made
Of proper shape and proper grade

His heart did also find a place,
Lest he should fail in life's swift race;
So furnished with these organs strong,
He swiftly rowed himself along.

While he did bask on wave so grand,
His eyes did spy the lovely land;
His heart did yearn to look it o'er,
And so he landed on the shore.

His fins as legs he plied with skill,
And thus he scrambled up the hill;
His breath was short, for gills had he,
And yet he longed the land to see.

While gasping hard to get his breath,
And fearing sad and sudden death,
Some air within his gullet hung,
Which puffed it out and made a lung.

With lungs and liver quite complete,
He still did lack the proper feet;
His joints he made by breaking bones,
His fins he split upon the stones.

Thus joints and toes were quickly made,
Of awkward fins he long had had,
And so with lungs and legs and toes,
Out on the land he quickly goes.

He sat around the ancient bog,
He basked awhile as water-dog;
But when on land he much did run,
His gills were withered by the sun.

He then swam round as crocodile,
And wore his broad and handsome smile;
As in the sunshine more he lay,
His blood grew warmer every day,

His heart beat tender in his breast,
That his own young might be well blessed,
And so his young to bosom pressed,
And then he felt much less distressed.

By pressing young to bosom near,
The milk of kindness did appear,
Which, flowing out so near the young,
It lapped up quickly with its tongue.

It pressed its mouth to mother's breast,
And in this way it well did rest;
Its heart did ever warmer grow,
The more the milk did form and flow.

For hairs the winds did split each scale,
They also blew away some tail,
And then a mammal he was fair,
Which crept about with glossy hair.

His kindred soon he left in lurch,
While onward he did go in search;
Ten million years he slow did creep
Among the shrubs on hillside steep.

He caught queer birds so sweet and good,
Which atoms made him for his food;
He carried young within his pouch,
While on the ground he low did crouch.

He learned to leave his young at home,
For better thus he wide could roam,
And while he traveled one fine day,
His ugly pouch he threw away.

Thus possum into dog did grow,
And dog did faster onward go;
He stood quite high upon his feet,
In every way he looked more neat.

But dog did loudly bark and bite,
And every day he much did fight;
He grew in numbers more than good,
So they oft lacked for proper food.

While he was looking round on high,
He many good fat birds did spy,
And so he took to climbing trees;
That he might learn to climb with ease,

He beat his toes upon the stones,
That he might flatten out their bones;
He pulled his toes both hard and strong,
That he might make them fingers long.

And thus by working long and grand
He changed his foot into a hand,
He then did swiftly climb the trees
And bare his brow to blowing breeze.

He sat up high among the limbs
And almost took to singing hymns;
He then was monkey, as you see,
And it did with him well agree.

But as a well-bred monkey would
He took to thought, as well he should,
By sitting on his tail in thought,
That member soon did come to naught.

A fine gorilla then was he
As ever hugged a growing tree;
His mind did more and more aspire,
As he did climb up high and higher.

He looked on all the world around
And gave his mind to things profound;
He learned how more to kill and steal,
And this in name of common weal.

He learned to wash his hands and face,
And then, at table, to say grace;
He learned to take all things for self,
And think the world was made for pelf.

He learned to brush and comb his hair,
And with his learning, learned to swear;
And then at ladies he did stare,
While in his heart he felt despair.

He also made from cursed still,
Stuff which he drank as hog drinks swill,
He then did loudly laugh and joke
And mixed it up with nasty smoke.

With these attainments all his own,
He had become a man full grown,
Who, to maintain his mortal life,
Did e'er engage in mortal strife.

And then some men did push beyond
Until a God they thought they'd found,
They dreamed they saw a future life
Beyond this world of deadly strife.

Thus I have shown how man did grow.
As on the ages long did flow ;
The atoms did the work complete,
Mixed up with sunshine for its heat.

They never suffered one defeat ;
They never beat e'en one retreat ;
They did their work with perfect skill,
So nothing could defeat their will.

They pushed right up from self to man,
Who could all things with wisdom scan ;
They built his body, made his mind,
And did all things of every kind.

How atoms did man's mind evolve
Is not right easy now to solve,
But that they made it is quite clear,
For sure it is that mind 'is here.

In trying this great thing to scan
I do the very best I can ;
Atoms are queer, small things you know,
And never do they larger grow.

If life they have, then life they give ;
If thought they have, then they do live.
What they have not, they cannot give,
And what they give, man may receive.

We now into deep business go
And see great minds from atoms flow ;
Naught can the atoms do but dance,
In moving round they sometimes prance.

For powers of mind they dance to tunes
Which they have learned from their bassoons.
Each mental power is one queer dance
To which they join peculiar prance.

For memory they in circles run,
And thus this wondrous power is spun;
For reason they in piles do jump
And all keep up a mighty thump.

For love they hop a sweet old tune
That sounds just like good Bonnie Doon;
For power which makes some people spooney
They skip to tune of Annie Rooney.

For that which makes us quit to roam
They dance "The Old Kentucky Home;"
For power which makes us love to fight
They bump each other left and right.

To form a conscience they do take—
But, hold, a conscience is mistake,
And so they dance to tune of fake
Until their hearts they almost break.

Thus I might name each mental power
And spin this out by weary hour.
But why dwell on such simple thing
When atoms every thing do bring?

They carry all in their small head;
They raise the living from the dead;
They turn the living back to dead;
Of all that is they are the head.

As onward in their course they stride,
They work by evolution wide;
This sacred word they always claim,
By which to celebrate their fame.

This word doth oil all things like grease,
It doth the canniest mind e'er fleece,
At its most sacred, mighty call,
All worlds do rise and then do fall.

The atoms are the gods indeed,
While evolution marks their speed,
And so we quickly form our creed
Since we are pushed to every deed.

Thus by this plan we need no God
Except the earth on which we trod,
And so when we return to clod
We are absorbed back into God.

LIVINGSTONE.

ON the banks of the Molilamo,
In the village of the Chilambo,
In dark Afric's midnight darkness,
Passed a light that shines forever,
To the presence of the Giver.

With a candle burning slowly,
And life's taper burning lowly,
In a hut upon his knees,
Passed a life that lives forever,
To the presence of the Giver.

From his wanderings long and lonely,
Led by faith e'er strong and holy,
Filled with love of God and man,
On his knees in darkest night,
Passed his spirit into light.

Naught could turn him back from duty,
His was life of strength and beauty,
Holding forth the word of life.
Never once his course did alter,
Never once his faith did falter.

Pressing on through swamp and forest,
Never did he cease his inquest—
Freedom for those bound in darkness.
Fervent rose his heart in prayer,
Borne aloft through midnight air.

To his soul all truth was beauty,
And each truth called loud to duty
That in love must be performed.
Still he felt his work unfinished,
E'en when death his body vanquished.

On the banks of the great Congo,
Or surrounded by Wagogo,
Poured he forth the word of life.
And the truth shone brighter never,
Than as lived by God's own giver.

Brave and faithful, persevering,
Thousand foes, but never fearing,
Pressed he forward in God's might,

Till the great release from duty
Ushered out his life in beauty.

His great light shall shine forever
To the praise of God, the Giver,
To the glory of God's world;
Men shall rise and see the shining,
See the light that's all-refining.

God's own heroes never fall,
Grow they never weak nor small;
Stronger grow they through the ages,
Greater ever than they seem,
Helping God his world redeem.

Placed on mountain summits high,
God's great heroes never die;
There they shine forever bright,
There they fight for all the ages,
Making truth for history's pages.

On the banks of the Molilamo,
In the village of Chilambo,
In dark Afric's midnight darkness,
Passed a light that shines forever,
To the presence of the Giver.

A DREAM.

THE moon shone bright o'er the silver stream,
While I floated on wrapped in a dream.

Like a graceful swan my bark moved along,
Far away from the haunts of the rushing throng.

The hills stood frowning on either hand,
Dark woods stretched far over all the land;
Bold rocks rose high from the river's side,
And black were the caves where the goblins
hide.

A thousand miles from the haunts of men,
On the silver stream, through the darkening
glen,

I floated on in the wilderness,
For a port beyond which I could not guess.

A deathlike silence was reigning supreme,
Save the rippling waves of the silver stream,
Or the stillness was broken by the owl hooting
loud

Through the dark, unbroken, lonesome wood.

All nature seemed to be given to me,
But sadly I floated in misery,
Because all alone in the wilderness
The wonders of nature could not bless.

I awoke from my dream in the slumber of night,
When the moon poured down her silvery light,
And found that I did not far away roam,
And I praised the Lord for the blessings of
home.

WINTER.

WRAPPED in her winding sheet of spotless snow,
The world lay pulseless in cold winter's
arms.

His icy breath had sealed the founts of life;
The frost-god reveled in the halls of death.

The trees stood hopeless in their nakedness
And moaned and shrieked before the winter's
blast,

Their hearts were icy to their inmost core.
No voice of song was heard in all the land;
The hearts of melody and tongues that sang
In summer past were in a fairer clime.
No creeping thing went forth upon the earth
To break the reign of all-prevailing death.
Far-sweeping o'er the bleak and distant land
The frigid North wind drove the glittering snow
And smoothed it on the bosom of the earth.

SPRING.

SPRING blew her breath from out the Sunny
South,

The frost-god bowed and northward fastly
marched,

The seals of ice which he had placed upon
All living lips released their deadly hold.
She touched with gentle finger tips the hearts
Of all the silent hosts that slumbered in

The fertile soil, and sent life's currents strong
And swift through waiting seed and bulb and
root,

Till soon they forced their tender shoots up
through

The soil to meet the coaxing light of sun
That freely gives life to each living thing
And asks but growth for blessing in return.

Earth's ghostly winding sheet of snow cast off,
She decked herself in nature's royal green,
The tint which best proclaims the reign of life.
A living emerald sea prevailed afar,
Which through its myriad mouths of struggling
plants
Drank life poured down in sunshine from the
sky.

The balmy air of perfect morn of May
Is laden far with gracious incense from
The acacia's drooping fragrant flowers.
The hum of busy bees is heard among
The nectar-bearing flowers, whose coming they
Have waited through the winter's dreary months.
The daffodils lift up their golden crowns
Above the grass as earliest heralds of,
The coming spring, with perfumed air and song,
Of happy birds and beauteous flowers that speak
The promise of the ripening, blushing fruits.

In countless, throng amid the tender grass,
Claytonias open wide their roseate throats.

The robin with her matin song awakes
The morn and greets the coming day with joy
And thankful praise. In hope she builds her
nest

Of mud and twigs within a sheltering tree,
And lines it soft and warm for helpless young.
The cattle graze in peace upon the green
And tender grass, or lie within the shade
In lazy mood and chew their cuds and drowse,
Content with food sufficient for the day.
Green earth and balmy air and radiant sky,
The song of birds and life that floods the world,
All speak the praise of Him who sendeth spring.

At eve the distant frogs in devilish glee
Croak loud their discords from their spacious
throats.

Their revelry within the bogs makes sport of
peace

And counts as naught all nature's harmonies.
Proud of their croaking deviltry, they shout
Their hoarseness in the ears of night and drive
The threatening bogles to their hiding place.
Safe in the bogs they hide their ugly shapes
By day, and then creep forth and croak secure
Beneath the sheltering mantle of the night.
Within their boggy realm they reign supreme
And torture friend and foe in vain belief
That croaking drives apace the wheels of time.

FROM FAR AWAY.

THE west-wind blew at eventide,
But it knew not why it blew;
The oak tree grew in the sunlight's tide,
But it knew not why it grew;
The blowing and growing are from far away,
They land on earth's shores in the light of day.

The fountain flowed from the rocky hill,
But it did not will to flow;
The moon shone down through the twilight still,
But its shining it could not know;
The shining and flowing are from far away,
They are sent by the Hand that ruleth the day.

The cricket chirped to its dusky mate,
Because a cricket must call;
The cat-bird sang in the evening late,
When the dew began to fall;
But the chirp and the song are from far away,
They flow from the song that filleth all day.

The infant smiled in its mother's arms,
But it knew not why it smiled;
The maiden blushed at her own charms,
And her lover's heart beguiled;
But the smile and the blush are from far away,
They speed to the earth on the wings of day.

The strong man bent beneath his weight,
He willed his burden to bear;
The wise man tempered his life to fate,

And sought his wisdom to share;
But the strong and the wise are from far away,
They land on the earth for one brief day.

As the floods flow in from the outer seas,
And the breezes blow from the mountains,
All life floats in upon God's own breeze,
As it flows from the heavenly fountains;
The streams of life flow from far away—
They flow from the springs of eternal day.

I WOULD KNOW.

I WOULD draw near to Nature's soul
And see with searching heart
What sits behind the outward veil—
Which never can depart.

All mortal sense is dull and poor,
All vision dim and weak,
And sure it is I feel and know
What words can never speak.

The unseen sits behind the veil
But still I know it's there;
It baffles every searching sense
And drives each to despair.

And yet when sense is put to shame
I come again and seek,
I strive with all my powers of soul
And would with Nature speak.

I would the truth exactly know,
I'd hear thy throbbing heart,
I'd feel thy pulse and see thy mind
E'er I from thee depart.

Throw off thy mask and let me see
Thy cunning power and skill,
That I may see the fingers fair
That work to do thy will.

I'd see the secret springs of life
Wound up by unseen hand,
I'd see the hand that pushes all
And maketh all to stand.

I'd know the very why and how,
I'd see the shining path,
Wherein thy feet forever walk
Away from endless death.

MAN'S POWER.

THE star will shine,
The wind will blow,
The ox will dine,
The grass will grow.

The stars are blazing in the sky,
The wind is whistling 'mong the trees,
The ox is browsing in the field,
The grass grows green fanned by the breeze.

But star and grass and ox and wind
Can no decree of fate rescind;
Each moves beneath the unseen hand
That shapes all things in every land.

Man's soul on earth is upward power
That gives to nature higher dower;
That lifts what falls to high estate
And makes the feeble strong and great.

Man's power flows in from heights above
Pressed on him by eternal love,
The upward power which he doth lend
Is that which God himself doth send.

HELPLESSNESS.

A GULL was borne far away seaward
On the wings of a storm that prevailed,
Right bravely it battled the storm-wind
As in its mad fury it sailed.

At last in its flight it grew helpless,
The wind had defeated its wings,
And downward it fell on the ocean
Which reaps what the hurricane brings.

All heartless and weary it floated,
It was tossed by the furious waves,
Till the heart of the storm-god was sated
When he closed up his newly-made graves.

Then shone out the sun in his splendor,
And glassy became the wild sea,
But the gull sat in helplessness on it
Awaiting great fate's last decree.

She had hopelessly lost her bearings,
Her strength she had spent all in vain,
She never could sail again landward,
And naught could she do but remain.

A ship came past in her sailing
And rescued the gull from the deep
And carried her back again homeward—
An omen which sailors will keep.

The fierce storms of sin force hellward
The souls that wander on earth;
The cyclones around man are raging,
And wars rage within from his birth.

Away he is borne from his moorings,
Dark clouds rush wildly on high,
Till at last he is driven by their fury
Far out in the darkness to die.

All helpless he sits in the darkness,
And waits for sin's fury to cease,
But its storms come faster and darker
And ever in madness increase.

He cries in his helpless endeavor
To the God who ruleth on high,
And soon the dark clouds are back driven
And a light is seen flooding the sky.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

MAN has pushed his great dominion,
Till he holds within his grasp
All the things of God's creation,
Until they can scarcely gasp.

See the engine roaring, straining,
Puffing, pushing with his might,
Rushing wildly through the tunnels,
Flashing forth his glowing light;

Dashing madly through the darkness,
Climbing round the mountain's side,
Threading now the trembling bridges,
Where you hold your breath to ride.

Hear his screech and sizz and rumble,
As with might he goes his way,
Puffing, belching, groaning, grunting,
Thus preventing all delay.

Surely man has chained the fire-horse,
See him champing at his bit,
Blowing breath of fiery madness
As his hoofs more wildly hit.

Now he pushes madly forward,
Levels down across the plain,
While the hand that boldly guides him,
Holds a strong and steady rein.

On he goes with untamed spirit,
Dashing into darkest night,

Blowing out his fiery terror,
As black devil in his flight.

Then he sounds his note of warning
That no flesh before him stand,
Rolling on with mighty thunder,
That is heard in all the land.

Now he halts at man's own bidding,
And they feed him fire and flame,
Then they swiftly give him water,
And he rushes on again.

O ye powers of outer darkness,
Draw ye near in darkest night;
See the lightnings from him flashing,
As he rushes in his might.

Now he sends his awful challenge
To the powers of inky night,
Roars as lion through the darkness,
That all flesh may take its flight.

Then he loudly bids defiance
To the wind and raging storm,
Swiftly driving all resistance,
Saving human life from harm.

Laughs he at the powers around him,
Spurns the earth beneath his feet;
Pants he like a fiery demon,
As they feed him flame and heat.

O ye powers! come watch his going,
Stand aside and see him pass;
He's the mighty son of thunder,
Made of strongest steel and brass.

Every joint's in working order,
Every screw and bolt in place;
Truly rush the mighty pistons,
As he runs his headlong race.

Hear his burning heart's wild throbbings,
See the panting demon rush;
Hear his hoofs go madly dashing,
And the earth beneath them crush.

Onward speeds he o'er the prairies,
Winds along the river's brink,
Roars he through the mountain tunnels,
While men feed him flame and drink.

Well he knows the hand that guides him,
Quick he answers to the rein,
Now he quickly slows his footsteps,
Then he dashes on amain.

He has learned the precious burden
That he carries in his wake,
And he fights with demon madness
For that precious burden's sake.

Yonder stands the distant city
That he views across the plain,
And to reach it by the night-fall,
He must have a driving rein.

Hear him snorting as he rushes
Through the clear and cutting air,
Setting air to wildly singing
With a song of sharp despair.

He will run at man's own bidding
Till he has no running breath;
He will fly forever swifter
Till flight ends in his own death.

Thou art man's embodied greatness,
Pride and strength of our own age;
Wise in all thy wondrous working,
Never dreamed by ancient sage.

More than power of living being,
All the conscience of mankind,
All the skill of human genius
Are in thee at once combined.

Mighty monster of the ages,
Come to bless the human race,
We now worship thee with gladness
And we count thee in God's grace.

But what of the engine's driver
Who holds the steady rein?
Who guides him at his pleasure
As he goes with might and main?

He's a man of iron courage,
Possessed of diamond grit,
Whose nerves are made of toughest steel,
Whose mind has ready wit.

He is cool and steady-handed,
He has strong and level head,
And he knows full well his calling
May soon land him with the dead.

He is standing at the throttle,
His eye looks straight ahead,
Sharply searching for the danger
That may land you with the dead.

I hail thee, wondrous man of God,
I kiss thy sacred hand
That guides the mighty fire-horse
Which speeds me through the land.

I praise thy god-like courage
Which causes thee to give
At thy post of sacred duty
Thy own life that others live.

I see thee stand like granite
In the deadly rushing race,
Facing death with awful grandeur,
Swiftly falling in thy place.

Thou art God's own trusty savior,
Helping to redeem mankind,
Doing noblest deed unselfish,
Lifting up the human mind.

And now to man and engine
In sacred union wed,
To greatest deeds of daring,
Each by the other led.

I stand in awe and watch you
As you speed with flying pace,
And I tremble as you pass me
On your well-timed fearful race.
I see the freight you carry,
Well I know the hearts that beat,
For the homes beyond the mountains,
Hoping there loved ones to meet.
And my prayer goes up for engine
And it flies for the engineer,
While it calls on gracious Heaven
To protect the freight that's dear.
Engineer and throbbing engine
Move together as one will,
Deep they fill my soul with wonder
And my heart forever thrill.

ARISE.

ARISE, awake from thy slumber,
The night is far spent, the day is at hand,
Arise, and hasten thy going,
Delay not, go quickly, and with the Lord stand.
The Lord is now calling to duty,
Rise quickly, awake, and thy armor put on!
The battle's now raging with fury,
He is calling thee loudly to duty, be gone.
Away from the scenes of thy slumber,
Rush on to God's battle-field, rush, O rush!
The foes are now pressing most fiercely,
Add speed to thy marching, yes push, O push!
Who knows what the battle shall bring forth?
Whether righteous or wicked shall fall, who
knows?
God grant that in battle may perish
Not the righteous, but wicked, thy foes, yes,
thy foes.

WHAT AND WHENCE OUR THOUGHTS?

SHALL our souls move on forever
In the dark and vain endeavor
To grasp the flitting phantoms
That flee before the mind
As the ever-shifting wind?

Are the visions bright, ecstatic,
Only shifting dreams erratic,
Blown about on winds of chaos
Through the fields of mortal vision
Laughing at us in derision?

Whence the stream that's onward going
Of our thoughts forever flowing
Forcing all before their might?
Dumb we sit and watch the flowing
Till we feel our souls' undoing.

What the stream that flows not backward
But forever floweth forward?
Is it substance or but shadow?
What the visions great and splendid
That by angels seem attended?

Now we look and feel and wonder,
And on all we darkly ponder—
Wondering how our wonder comes—
Pondering o'er the thoughts that meet us,
Till at last comes our quietus.

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